A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

SCREAM

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NO. 6
JUNE
1974

T.M.

WHO KILLED FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER?

— a MANIAC is on the loose —
he kills without mercy
and YOU may be the next on his list!
coming soon in

NIGHTMARE

LIKE A BAT OUTTA HELL

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A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —
NUMBER 6 JUNE 1974

...in this issue...

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the VAMPYRE of the OPERA

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE

NOSFERATU

...AND THE GUTTERS RAN WITH BLOOD...

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS

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...ASHES TO ASHES... DUST TO DUST...
...WE COMMIT OUR BELOVED CLAYTON STOKES TO HIS ETERNAL REST...
REST IN PEACE, MAN...
HALLELUJAH, BROTHER...
...BY RELEASING THIS HERE ELECTRIC BUTTON...
...THE CREMATORIUM APPARATUS IS SET INTO MOTION...
...THUS, BROTHER CLAYTON STOKES IS USHERED FROM THIS WORLD INTO ANOTHER WORLD... A WORLD BEYOND...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

...THUS IS **CLAYTON STOKES, VAMPIRE, EXORCISED** FROM THIS **EARTH**--THUS IS WELCOMED INTO THE LAND OF **SATAN'S DEAD**...THUS IS THE **VAMPIRE MURDERED** BY HIS **BLACK BROTHERS** OF **EARTH**--LEST THE READER THINK FOR A MOMENT HIS **MURDERERS** WERE HIS **SOUL BROTHERS**--UH-UH--**WRONG**.. CLAYTON STOKES **LOST HIS SOUL** TO **HELL** A **LONG, LONG TIME AGO**...AS WE SHALL **LEARN** FROM THE **FUNERAL ORATION** OF THE **REVEREND ABLE LIVINGSTON**...

...THE MAN WE KNOW AS **CLAYTON STOKES** WAS **NOT** A MAN...

...THE **BROTHER** WE COMMITTED TO **DEATH** WAS **NOT** OUR **BROTHER**...

...THAT HE WAS **ONCE-UPON-A-TIME** A **HUMAN BEING** IS TO THE **DISCREDIT** AND **DISGRACE** OF THE **HUMAN RACE**...

CLAYTON STOKES WAS A **VAMPIRE**...

HE WAS BORN IN **HARLEM**--THE WORST **GHETTO** ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH--BUT HE BROUGHT **SHAME** TO EVEN **HARLEM**...

...FOR THE **PEOPLE** IN **HARLEM** TRY TO **LIVE RIGHT** LIKE **DECENT HUMAN BEINGS**...

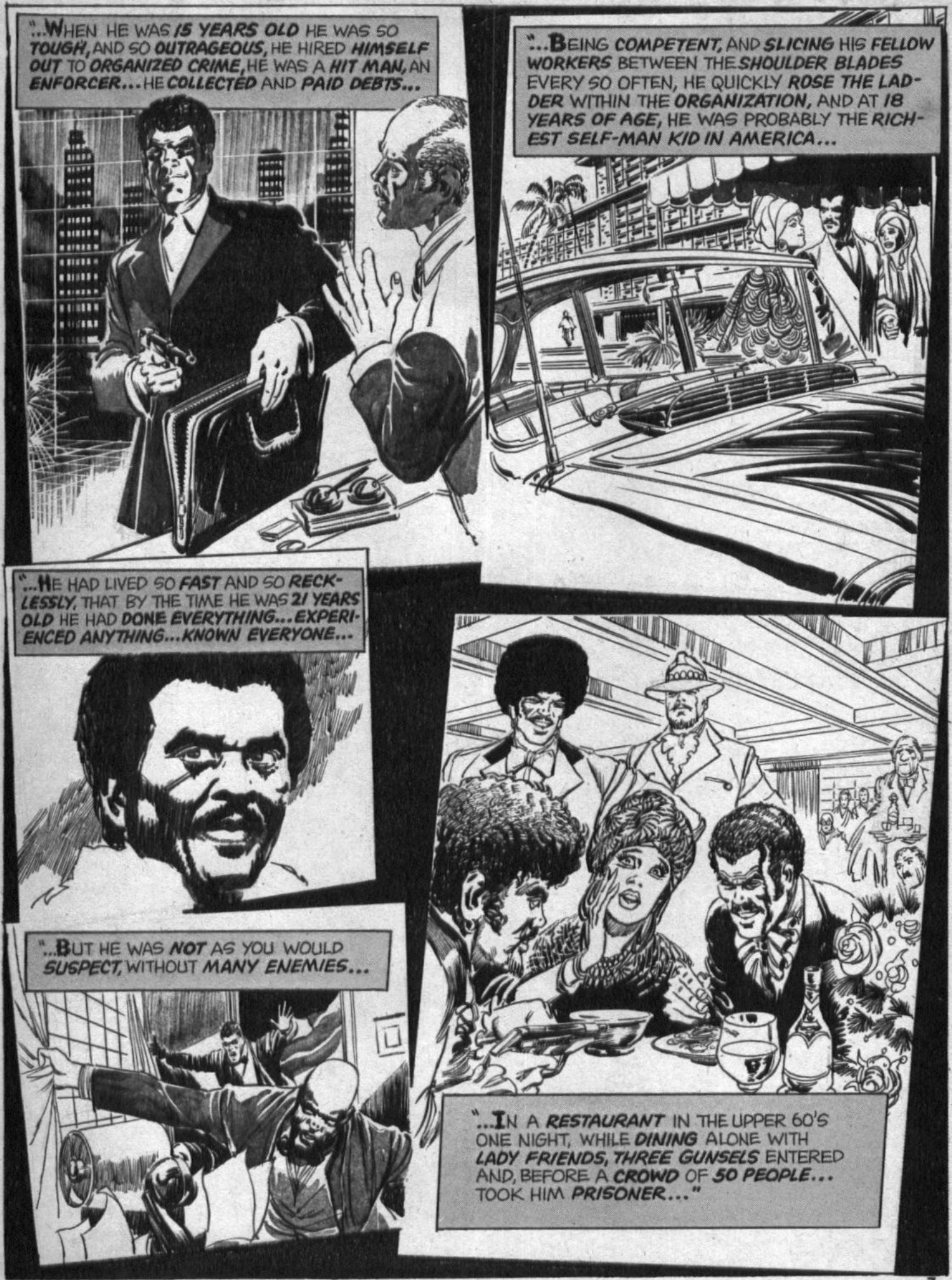
AN' **DECENCY** IS SOMETHIN' **CLAYTON STOKES** NEVER EVEN **UNDERSTOOD**...

"...HE WAS A **BAD KID**... HE WAS **SNATCHIN' PURSES** ON **PARK AVENUE** WHEN HE WAS ONLY **TEN YEARS OLD**...

"...AND WHEN HE WAS ELEVEN HE WAS A **MURDERER**...

"...HE FORMED A **STREET GANG** AND INITIATED **BLOOD WARS** WITH **RIVAL GANGS**..."

DANIEL SANTOS


"...WHEN HE WAS 15 YEARS OLD HE WAS SO TOUGH, AND SO OUTRAGEOUS, HE HIRED HIMSELF OUT TO ORGANIZED CRIME, HE WAS A HIT MAN, AN ENFORCER... HE COLLECTED AND PAID DEBTS...
"...BEING COMPETENT, AND SLICING HIS FELLOW WORKERS BETWEEN THE SHOULDER BLADES EVERY SO OFTEN, HE QUICKLY ROSE THE LADDER WITHIN THE ORGANIZATION, AND AT 18 YEARS OF AGE, HE WAS PROBABLY THE RICHEST SELF-MAN KID IN AMERICA...
"...HE HAD LIVED SO FAST AND SO RECKLESSLY, THAT BY THE TIME HE WAS 21 YEARS OLD HE HAD DONE EVERYTHING... EXPERIENCED ANYTHING... KNOWN EVERYONE...
"...BUT HE WAS NOT AS YOU WOULD SUSPECT, WITHOUT MANY ENEMIES...
"...IN A RESTAURANT IN THE UPPER 60'S ONE NIGHT, WHILE DINING ALONE WITH LADY FRIENDS, THREE GUNSELS ENTERED AND, BEFORE A CROWD OF 50 PEOPLE... TOOK HIM PRISONER..."

THEY TOOK HIM **UPTOWN**... TO AN **ATTIC**...AND THEY **LAID INTO** CLAYTON STOKES AS **NO** MAN WAS **EVER**... THEY **BUSTED HIS HEAD WIDE OPEN**...

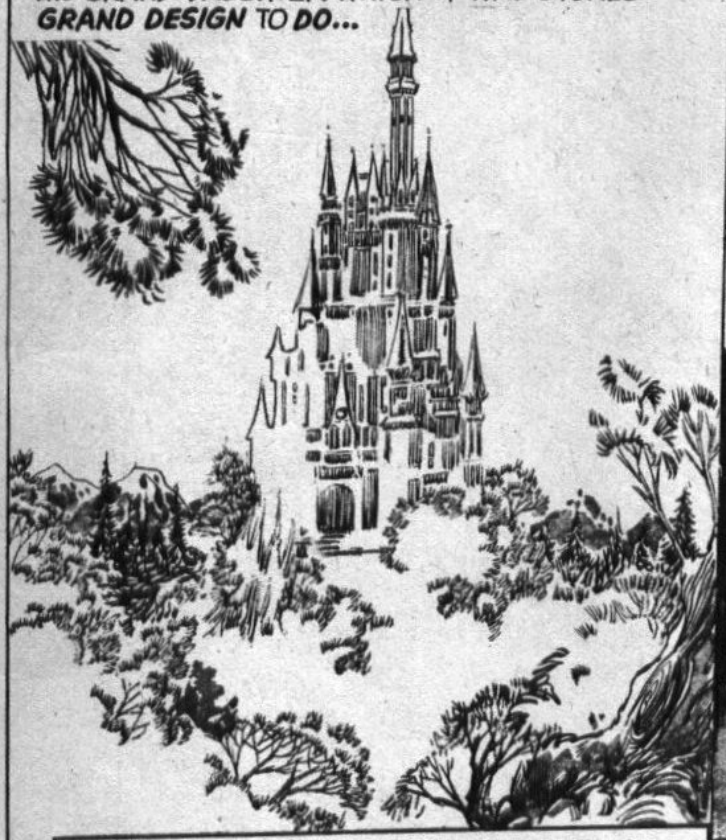
"...HOW IT IS--OR **WHY** IT WAS THEY DIDN'T **WASTE HIM COMPLETELY** NO ONE **KNOWS**--BUT PERHAPS THEY SHOULD **HAVE**...FOR CLAYTON STOKES WAS SO **FULL OF HATE** HE WANTED **REVENGE** ON THE **WORLD**...

"...EVERYONE **KNEW** ABOUT THE **BEATING** HIS **FRIENDS** (WHAT FEW HE HAD) **DESERTED** HIM **COMPLETELY**. HIS NAME WAS **MUD**-- AND **RIVAL CRIME KINGS**, SEEING HIS POSITION IN **UNDERWORLD SOCIETY VULNERABLE**, SENT OUT **CONTRACTS ALL OVER TOWN** TO **GUARANTEE** HIS **IMMINENT DEATH**...HE LEFT **TOWN**, HE LEFT THE **COUNTRY** SO **FAST** NO ONE KNEW HE'D EVEN LEFT...

"...HE FLEW TO **SWITZERLAND**, AS PLACID A PLACE AS **ANY** TO RECOVER FROM THE **BEATING** AND **HUMILIATION**...HE KNEW A GIRL THERE, A **WHITE GIRL**, WHO HE'D MET AT A **SOCIETY GATHERING** IN **NEW YORK**... HE DIDN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT **HER**, EXCEPT THAT SHE WAS **RICH** AND LIVED IN AN **OLD GOTHIC CASTLE**...

"...AND SHE **OBVIOUSLY** KNEW **NOTHING** ABOUT **HIM**...WHAT HE **WAS**...FOR IF SHE **HAD** SHE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN **INVITED** TO **STAY** IN THAT OTHER-CENTURY MANSE..."

"...NO ONE KNOWS, OF COURSE, EXACTLY, THE EVENTS WITHIN THAT CASTLE--BUT THEY CAN BE RECONSTRUCTED PRETTY EASILY...THE COUNTESS--FOR INDEED THE BEAUTIFUL AND RICH YOUNG GIRL WAS OF NOBLE BLOOD, WAS HEIR TO HER GRANDFATHER'S RICHES AND LANDS--BUT THE OLD COUNT LUGOS SAW CLEAR THROUGH THE YOUNG MAN AND REFUSED HIM PERMISSION TO MARRY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER WHICH IT WAS STOKES' GRAND DESIGN TO DO...



"...CLAYTON STOKES MURDERED THE OLD MAN...

"...AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER MARRIED THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS LUGOS...WHICH IN TURN, IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HUNGARIAN MONARCHY...AUTOMATICALLY MADE OUR MANHATTAN GUTTER-FIGHTER A FULL-BLOODED COUNT--COUNT CLAYTON STOKES!

"...THE COUNTESS WAS DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT HUNGARIAN FAMILY LUGOS, WHO WERE FORCED TO FLEE TO SWITZERLAND DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR...BUT THE NAZIS HUNTED THEM DOWN AND KILLED OFF THE PARENTS, FOR A PERFECTLY GOOD REASON YOU MAY LATER GUESS--AND THE ONLY RELATIVE OF THE FAMILY YET ALIVE WAS COUNT KARLOV WHO, HEARING OF THE DEATH OF HIS DISAGREEABLE UNCLE, CAME TO STAY WITH THE NEWLY WED STOKES IN THEIR CASTLE HOME...

"...STOKES AND KARLOV TOOK AN IMMEDIATE DISLIKE TO EACH OTHER AND STOKES WITH HIS CUSTOMARY AND STYLISH IMPETUOSITY, WENT TO KARLOV'S CHAMBER ONE NIGHT WITH DESIGNS...

"...TO MURDER HIS BOTHERSOME NEW IN-LAW..."

NOW--AS I SAID... NO ONE KNOWS WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED IN THAT CASTLE...
...BUT WE CAN GUESS...
"...AND IT'S MY GUESS THAT COUNT STOKES GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE...
...WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? THAT'S MY WIFE, MAN--AN' SHE'S YOUR COUSIN--WHAT THE HELL DO YOU TWO THINK YOU'RE DOING?
WHAT DO YOU WANT, STOKES?
...IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK...
GG!!!#☆!! IT AIN'T!!
...HE'S RIGHT, CLAY--IT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK... IT'S... SOMETHING ELSE...
WHAT ELSE IS IT...
...IT'S...A FAMILY THING... I DIDN'T WANT YOU INVOLVED...
YEH? WELL I'M INVOLVED NOW, BABY...YOU BETTER LEVEL FAST...
...I--I LOVE YOU, CLAY-- I REALLY LOVE YOU...
PERHAPS ANNA, PERHAPS IF YOU TRULY LOVE YOUR HUSBAND YOU WOULD PERMIT HIM TO SHARE YOUR HAPPINESS...
...IT'S NOT HAPPINESS WE HAVE IN COMMON, COUSIN...
...IT'S LUST... IT'S A CURSE!
...YOU TWO BETTER DECIDE FAST ON LETTING ME IN ON YOUR MUTUAL LITTLE CURSE...
...OR I'LL KILL BOTH OF YOU...

YOU WOULD KILL ME? YOU DO NOT LOVE ME?
I LOVE YOU AS MUCH AS I TRUST YOU...AND RIGHT NOW I TRUST YOU ABOUT AS MUCH AS ANY HUSBAND WOULD UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...
...SO DON'T BE MYSTERIOUS, BABY--YOU GOT SOMETHING TO TELL ME...TELL ME NOW!!
"...CLAYTON STOKES DIDN'T BOTHER TO VOICE AN ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION--HE LET RIP WITH ALL HIS NEW-FOUND POWERS INTO COUNT KARLOV...
...HE CHOKED HIM SO FIERCELY HE RIPPED ALL THE ARTERIES IN THE VAMPIRE'S NECK...BLOOD SPEWED OUT ALL OVER...YELLOW-BROWN BLOOD...
...VAMPIRISM ISN'T THE SAME IN REAL LIFE AS IT IS IN THE COMIC BOOKS AN' MOVIES--WHEN THE VAMPIRE WAS DRAINED OF HIS BLOOD HE JUST DIED...
GOD! YOU'RE VAMPIRES!
...AN' NOW, YOU ARE, TOO, STOKES... SO WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT...
YES...

"...FOR THE FIRST TIME, ANNA LUGOS SAW THE KIND OF MAN CLAYTON STOKES REALLY WAS...AN' I WANNA TELL YOU PEOPLE, SHE WAS SCARED...SHE CRINGED IN THE CORNER AS CLAYTON FROTHED AT THE MOUTH...

...SO--I AM NOW THE FABLED VAMPIRE...IT SHALL BE INTERESTING TO EXERCISE MY POWERS ON SO LOVELY A VICTIM ...MY FIRST VICTIM...MY BRIDE...MY SWEET FIDELENT BRIDE...

NO...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, CLAYTON...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-- I DON'T HAVE TO BE A VICTIM...

...THE BLOODLUST DOES NOT HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS...IT CAN BE SHARED--BY TWO WHO ARE IN LOVE...

PERHAPS IT CAN...PERHAPS TWO WHO ARE OF THE BLOODLUST COULD SHARE A MOST SATISFYING CURSE...WERE THAT IN FACT, MY DESIRE...BUT I DEIGN TO INFORM YOU, LI'L HONEY...

--THAT AIN'T THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE!!

"...COUNT CLAYTON STOKES...ARMED NOW WITH THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN, FORTIFIED BY HIS INNER HATRED OF HIS FELLOW MAN--AND IN PARTICULAR, HIS FERVENT, MAD RESOLVE TO HAVE HIS REVENGE ON CERTAIN PEOPLE IN MANHATTAN HE ONCE KNEW--BOARDED A JET BOUND FOR THE STATES...INTENDING TO RETURN TO HIS CASTLE AND LANDS AFTER HE'D WASTED THOSE HE LOATHED SO FRANTICALLY..."

"...THE NEWSPAPERS HAD PICKED UP THE STORY OF HIS MARRIAGE AND THE DAY HE ARRIVED HE WAS GREETED "WARMLY" THE FIRST TIME A STREET CONTRACTOR SET EYES ON HIM...HE WAS STILL WANTED--STILL HUNTED...HE STILL POSED A THREAT TO THE UNDERWORLD ESTABLISHMENT...
"...BUT THE COUNT CLAYTON STOKES WHO RETURNED TO HARLEM WAS NOT THE CLAYTON STOKES, HOOD, WHO HAD SO HURRIEDLY RUN FROM HIS HOME SOME MONTHS BEFORE...
"...THIS CLAYTON STOKES WAS A VAMPIRE...
"...AND HE EXERCISED HIS POWERS EVERY NIGHT, IN EVERY ALLEY FROM 190TH STREET TO BROADWAY--SKULKING AROUND BARS, POOL ROOMS AN' HOUSES OF ILL-REPUTE TILL HE'D WIPED OUT HALF THE POPULACE OF NEW YORK...
"...EVERYONE KNEW WHO HE WAS--HE HAD HEADLINES IN THE PAPERS AND POSTERS IN THE POST OFFICE...
"...HE WAS PURSUED BY THE POLICE WITH A VIGILANCE UNPRECEDENTED IN THE ANNALS OF THE CITY. THEY HATED HIS BLACK GUTS--BECAUSE IN KILLING HIS ENEMIES, HE WAS KILLING THE ENEMIES OF THE LAW IN THE PROCESS--HE WAS MAKING THE POLICE LOOK LIKE IDIOTS--HE WAS DOING THEIR JOB FOR THEM..."

"...BUT THO' THEY KNEW WHO THE BLACK YAMPIRE WAS--THEY COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HIS HIDE-OUT...NO ONE SAW HIM COME--NO ONE SAW HIM GO...HE JUST APPEARED AND DISAPPEARED LIKE A GREAT BLACK BAT...

"...WELL, WHERE HE WAS IN FACT TOOK MONTHS TO BE DISCOVERED--REMEMBER THE OLD APALLA THEATER ON 132ND STREET? FOR YEARS IT WAS EMPTY...BUT IN RECENT MONTHS YOUNG PEOPLE USED IT TO PUT ON A PRODUCTION OF SOMETHIN' THEY CALL AFRO-OPERA...THAT'S HOW THEY CAME TO FIND THE WHEREABOATS OF COUNT STOKES--VAMPIRE...

"...STOKES WAS LIVING IN A LITTLE ROOM IN THE STAGE RAFTERS WHERE THE LIGHTS, PROPS AN' CURTAINS WERE CONTROLLED--STOKES HAD--HAD PRETTY NEAR LOST HIS MIND BY THIS TIME...HE WAS SLEEPIN' IN A COFFIN AND LEAVING THE OPERA HOUSE ONLY AT NIGHT...HE WAS RE-LIVING THE FICTIONAL STORIES OF VAMPIRES HE'D LEARNED AS A KID...WELL--ONE DAY A FEW MEMBERS OF THE OPERA COMPANY ENTERED AS HE WAS CLIMBING OUT OF THE COFFIN...

"...IT WASN'T MUCH OF A CONFRONTATION...THE KIDS WERE SCARED AS HELL AND TOOK OFF LIKE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING...

"...STRAIGHT TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD COP...

"...MEANWHILE, STOKES WAS SHAKIN' HIS GUTS OUT IN THE OPERA HOUSE--WONDERIN' WHERE HE COULD GO--HIS REVENGE WAS FAR FROM SATIATED, YET THE TOWN WAS LOCKED-UP TIGHT--WHERE COULD HE STAY?..."

"...THE MATTER WAS **AGGRAVATED** BY THE **SUPER-SPEED** OF THE **POLICE** WHO THREW A **NET** AROUND THAT **OPERA HOUSE** WITHIN **TEN MINUTES**...

"...THEY **FILLED** THE PLACE WITH **TEAR GAS** SO **THICK** NO ONE COULD **SEE**...

"...BUT UPON THAT **ROOF** THAT **NIGHT** SOMETHING VERY **STRANGE TRANSPIRED**...AS THE LATE COUNTESS LUGOS **COULD'VE TOLD** HER HUSBAND, ALL THAT **HOCUS-POCUS** ABOUT **VAMPIRES** HAVIN' THE **POWER** TO TURN THEMSELVES INTO **BATS** IS JUST SO MUCH **STORY-BOOK MYTH**...BUT STOKES, **WELL**--HE **BELIEVED** IN THAT KINDA STUFF--HE **REALLY BELIEVED** IN IT--AN' I GUESS HE **BELIEVED** IN IT **SO MUCH** HE **MADE** IT **HAPPEN**--HE **CHANGED** INTO A **BAT** AND **FLEW INTO THE NIGHT SKY BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES**..."

"AN' **CHARGED UP** TO THE **CONTROL ROOM** AFTER STOKES...WHO **RAN LIKE HELL** TO THE **ROOF** WHERE **NORMALLY** A **MAN** WOULD BE **TRAPPED**.

"...EVERYBODY IN THIS **WORLD** IS ALWAYS TALKIN' 'BOUT HOW **STUPID** THE **POLICE** ARE...AN' I GUESS, AT LEAST IN **THIS** CASE, THE PEOPLE ARE **RIGHT**...SEEING THE **VAMPIRE** FLY OFF INTO THE **NIGHT**, THE POLICE QUIT THE **PREMISES** AND LEFT THE **OPERA HOUSE** A **DESERTED MAUSOLEUM** **AGAIN**...

"...STOKES **WATCHED** THEM **LEAVE**--HE WAS **PERCHED** ON A **NEARBY** **ROOFTOP** JUST *LAUGHIN' HIS HEAD OFF*...

"...HE **RETURNED** TO THE **OPERA HOUSE** AND **RESUMED** HIS **HUMAN FORM**--BUT UNBEKNOWN TO **HIM** HE WAS BEING **WATCHED** --HIS **EVERY ACTION**...

"...WHO BOLDLY **STEPPED OUT** OF THE **SHADOWS** AND **LIFTED HIGH** THE CROSS OF **GOD** TO HIS **TERRIFIED SON**..."

"...THE **EYES** WERE THE **EYES** ON AN **OLD, OLD MAN** WHO WAS NOT **AFRAID** OF THE **YOUNG VAMPIRE**...

YOU!!--I THOUGHT YOU WERE **DEAD!!**

YOU ARE THE ONE WHO IS **DEAD** --NOT **I**...

"...THE SON WAS POWERLESS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE CROSS--AND WAS FORCED TO LISTEN TO THE BIBLICAL BARRAGE OF HIS FATHER WHO QUOTED EVERY VERSE OF EVERY PASSAGE HE COULD REMEMBER...

YOU HAVE DISGRACED YOUR FAMILY...

--YOU HAVE DISGRACED ALL BLACK PEOPLE--NOW, I WILL HUMBLE YOU AND SHAME YOU BEFORE YOUR PEOPLE AND BEFORE THE WORLD...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

"...THE OLD MAN SHOWED HIS SON EXACTLY WHAT HE MEANT... HE FORCED HIM TO WALK OUT THE OPERA HOUSE INTO THE STREETS --HE PARADED HIM, DURING THE BUSY DAWN HOURS, THROUGH THE STREETS OF HARLEM...HE HUMILIATED HIS SON THE TRAITOR --FORCED HIM TO BE THE SCORN OF ALL WHO WERE WITNESS...

"...CLAYTON STOKES BECAME DESPERATE...HE BELIEVED SO STRONGLY IN THE VAMPIRE MYTHS HE WAS CONVINCED THE DAYLIGHT WOULD KILL HIM...NOTHING HE COULD SAY TO THE OLD MAN WOULD CONVINCE HIM TO LET HIM BE FREE ...SO DESPITE THE POWER OF THE CROSS, STOKES ATTACKED HIS FATHER...HE KNOCKED THE CROSS FROM HIS HANDS...

"...AND BEFORE A CROWD...HE KILLED HIS FATHER..."

"...THE CROWD WENT MAD--THEY ATTACKED STOKES, AND BEAT HIM MERCILESSLY, AND DRAGGED HIM SCREAMING AND STRUGGLING INTO ***THIS*** PLACE...

...AND ***YOU***, THE ***PEOPLE***--TOOK ***CLAYTON STOKES...CHAINED*** HIM--***ROPED*** HIM TO A ***COFFIN***, AND HERE, WE ***COMMITTED*** THIS ***EVIL "THING"*** TO HIS ***ETERNAL HELL...*** HERE WE DELIVER A ***FUNERAL ORATION*** OVER THE ***BURNING SHREDS*** OF A ***ONCE-HUMAN "THING"*** WHO EVEN NOW STILL ***SCREAMS*** HIS ***LUNGS OUT*** WITHIN THIS ***CREMATORIUM***--WITHIN HIS ***FUNERAL PYRE...***

"...IN ***THERE***--BEHIND THAT ***STEEL FURNACE DOOR...INSIDE*** THAT ***FIRE-PIT*** IS A ***DYING MAN--CRUCIFIED*** BY A ***MOB...***

"...THEY SAY--THAT ***MOB RULE*** IS ***MINDLESS HYSTERIA*** --THEY SAY IT IS ***EVIL*** TO ***KILL*** WITHOUT ***JUSTICE***--WITHOUT THE ***COURTS...***

...ARE ANY OF US ***SORRY?...***DOES ***ANY*** MAN HERE ***TODAY REGRET*** THIS ***MURDER?*** THIS IS 1973--BUT ***TODAY*** WE HAVE ***KILLED*** A ***VAMPIRE--TODAY*** WE HAVE ***KILLED*** A ***"THING"*** THAT WAS ***NOT ALIVE***, FOR HE ***DIED***, FRIENDS, WHEN HE WAS ***10 YEARS OLD..."***

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALPHONSO FONT

...BY GOD... IT'S SOME KIND OF A DIARY... FLOATIN' ABOUT THE SEAS FOR 23 YEARS IF THE DATE ON THIS MANUSCRIPT IS TRUE...
...BY GOD... IS THIS A JOKE? IT CAN'T BE THE TRUTH... IT CAN'T...

"...ALLOW ME TO SAY BEFORE I BEGIN MY MS., I AM NOT A MADMAN, NOR A PRANKSTER, NOR GIVEN TO FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION... WHAT FOLLOWS IS THE TRUTH... AS IT HAPPENED TO ME; I SWEAR IT ON MY MOTHER'S GRAVE -- AND ON MY OWN...
...MY SHIP WAS FLOUNDERING IN THE MIDST OF A GREAT STORM IN THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC; WHEN THE WAVES CRASHED ABOUT THE DECK AND SWEPT AWAY MEN AND MASTS ALIKE WE KNEW WE WERE LOST -- WE KNEW WE WERE DEAD MEN..."

"...WE WERE *DELUGED* BY *WATER* AND NEAR *DROWNED*... *ONLY TWO MEN* TO MY KNOWLEDGE, WERE YET *ALIVE*, NOT *SWEPT OVERBOARD* OR *DROWNED* -- THE OLD *SWEDE* AND *MYSELF* -- THAT *WE* WERE *ALIVE* WAS A *MIRACLE*..."

"...THE *SWEDE* AND I WERE *ROPED* TO THE *BROKEN BASE OF THE MAIN MAST* -- THIS, AND THIS *ALONE* I THINK SAVED US FROM BEING *DRAGGED* TO THE *BOTTOM* OF THE *ATLANTIC*..."

"...SUDDENLY THE *WRECK* OF THE *SHIP* WAS *LIFTED* AND *BORN ACROSS A MASSIVE WAVE* AT *TREMENDOUS SPEED* -- THO THE *STORM ITSELF* SEEMED TO *ABATE*, I WAS *CONVINCED DEATH* WAS AT *HAND* AND THAT I'D BE *DASHED* TO *BITS*..."

"...ON THE *THIRD DAY* OF THE *STORM* THE OLD *SWEDE DIED* -- BUT I DID NOT *MOURN* FOR HIM, I MOURNED *MYSELF* -- HE WAS *FORTUNATE* ENOUGH TO BE *DEAD* -- I WAS STILL *ALIVE*... STILL *LIVING* A *HELL*..."

"...SUDDENLY THERE APPEARED BEFORE ME THE MOST UTTERLY INCREDULOUS SIGHT OF MY LIFE... A SHIP... WHOSE SIZE WAS TWENTY TIMES THAT ANY I HAD EVER KNOWN, WHOSE AGE WAS CENTURIES OLDER THAN ANY I HAD EVER KNOWN..."
"...IT STRUCK MY WRECKED SHIP FULL ON THE BOW, AND EVERYTHING ABOARD DECK FLEW INTO THE AIR--FORWARD, INCLUDING MYSELF..."
"...I LANDED IN THE SAIL RIGGING, BRUISED BUT OTHERWISE UNHURT..."

"...MY DESCENT TO THE DECK WAS SIMPLE, THO IT STRUCK ME STRANGE THAT NONE OF THE CREWMEMBERS WOULD IN ANY WAY AID ME..."
"...IN FACT, UPON APPROACHING THEM, THEY ABSOLUTELY IGNORED ME... REFUSED TO EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE MY PRESENCE..."
"...THEIR PHYSICAL APPEARANCE WAS BEYOND MY UNDERSTANDING..."
"...FOR THEY WERE AGED..."
"...THEY WERE ANCIENT..."
"...THEIR FACES WERE THE FACES OF CENTURIES-OLD-MEN..."
"...THEIR EYES WERE NOT THE EYES OF LIVING MEN -- BUT, OF DEAD THINGS..."

"...GETTING NO RESPONSE FROM THE MEN... I OBSERVED THE SHIP ITSELF-- IT WAS MASSIVE... NO, NOT MASSIVE, IT WAS GARGANTUAN...
"...NEVER HAVE I CONCEIVED OF SO DISPROPORTIONATED A VESSEL-- IT WAS MADE TO BE CREWED BY GIANTS..."
"...I THEN WENT TO THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN TO SEE IF HE MIGHT SPEAK TO ME-- BUT AS I SUSPECTED HE IGNORED ME, AND TALKED IN SOME FOREIGN, MISUNDERSTANDABLE LANGUAGE TO HIS FIRST MATE..."
"...SEVERAL DAYS HAVE ELAPSED SINCE MY FIRST 'LANDING' ON THE SHIP, AND I HAVE HAD TIME TO WRITE THESE NOTES, AND TO OBSERVE HOW THE VESSEL SEEMS TO SKIM THE TOP OF THE WATER, AS IF IN THE TOW OF SOME FANTASTIC UNDERCURRENT..."
"...I DO NOT PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS-- AND WRITE ONLY THE FACTS IN THE MANUSCRIPT, NOT MY SUPPOSITIONS OR THEORIES ON THE WHY'S OR WHEREFORE'S OF WHAT IS HAPPENING... WE ARE NOW SOMEWHERE IN THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN ... HEADED DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO ICE BOUND INLETS AT A SPEED TOO INCREDIBLE TO BE CONJECTURED, OR BELIEVED, BY THE READER OF THESE NOTES..."

"... IN A FEW MINUTES I KNOW I SHALL HAVE TO HURL THE MS. IN A BOTTLE AWAY FROM THIS INCREDIBLE SHIP -- I KNOW THAT I AM TO DIE -- AND PERHAPS, TERRIBLY SOON, FOR WE ARE NOW AT DEATH'S DOOR..."

"... LET ME EXPLAIN, WITHOUT COMMENT, OUR POSITION... WE ARE REVOLVING BY ICE AND YET THO IT STRIKES THE SHIP OCCASIONALLY NO HARM IS DONE TO US... THE SHIP CANNOT BE REAL -- WOOD IS NOT THAT SOLID -- UNLESS THE VESSEL IS MADE OF IRON IT CANNOT BE POSSIBLE TO WITHSTAND THE PRESENT PRESSURES THAT ARE NOW UPON IT -- YET -- IT IS WITHSTANDING IT..."

"... THE READER WILL WANT AN EXPLANATION I KNOW... IT WILL NOT BE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO READ THESE NOTES ALONE ... HE WILL WISH MY OPINION...

...WERY WELL...

... AS ANALYTICALLY AS POSSIBLE, HERE IS MY OPINION...

...THE CREW ARE 'DEAD-BUT-NOT-DEAD':

...THE SHIP IS OF SUCH A SIZE BECAUSE IN THE CEN I KNOW NOT WHY!) I THINK THIS IS TRUE BECAUSE WOOD EVER KNOWN -- IT MUST HAVE BOWELS OF THE SOUTH POLE... WHERE PERHAPS, FOR EVERMORE, WILL BE SUCKED..

...THIS WHOLE SHIP IS DEAD -- WHY OR HOW IT EXISTS I DO NOT KNOW -- AND I CERTAINLY DO NOT CARE...

...LITTLE TIME IS LEFT ME TO CARE -- THE CIRCLES OF OUR REVOLUTIONS GROW SMALLER -- WE ARE PLUNGING MADLY WITHIN THE GRASP OF THE WHIRLPOOL -- AND AMID A ROARING, AND BELLOWING, AND THUNDERING OF OCEAN AND OF TEMPEST, THE SHIP IS QUIVERING, OH GOD! AND - GOING DOWN..."

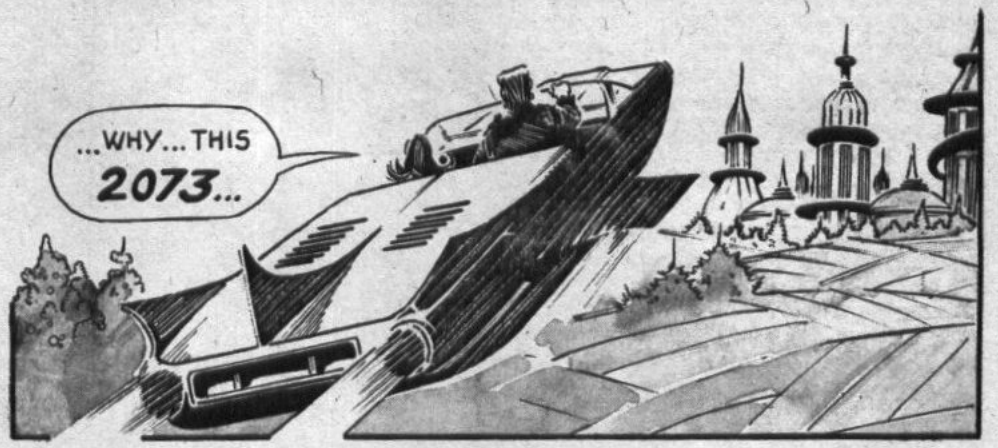
URIES OF ITS EXISTENCE ITS WOOD HAS EXPANDED (THOUGH THE PORES OF THE WOOD ARE ENORMOUS -- LIKE NO EXPANDED... THE SHIP IS NOW BEING SUCKED INTO THE PERHAPS, ONCE BEFORE, IT WAS SUCKED, AND

...WHO ARE YOU WOMAN... WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT? NEVER HAS A WOMAN WITH ALL HER SENSES SAID SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
...WHERE AM I?... WHAT IS THIS STRANGE PLACE...
I AM... FIONNA ... I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU FIND THIS PLACE STRANGE... UNLESS YOU COME FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THIS EARTH...

written by HENRY BERGMAN

illustrated by CESAR LOPEZ

BUT OF COURSE... YOU MUST'VE COME FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE...
... FOR THERE HASN'T BEEN A FREE MAN ON THIS EARTH SINCE 2042...
2042... WHAT YEAR IS THIS?



2073 IS THE YEAR OF THE DEATH OF THIS MONSTER... IT IS A DEATH HE HIMSELF IS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE IS LONG OVERDUE... AND WHEN DEATH COMES TO HIM IT IS ANTI-CLIMACTIC!
... BUT SUCH A SOMBRE NOTE IS HARDLY AN INAPPROPRIATE START TO THE IRONIC, SAD END OF THE GREATEST BEAST OF THEM ALL...

...HE WHO IS...

FRANKENSTEIN

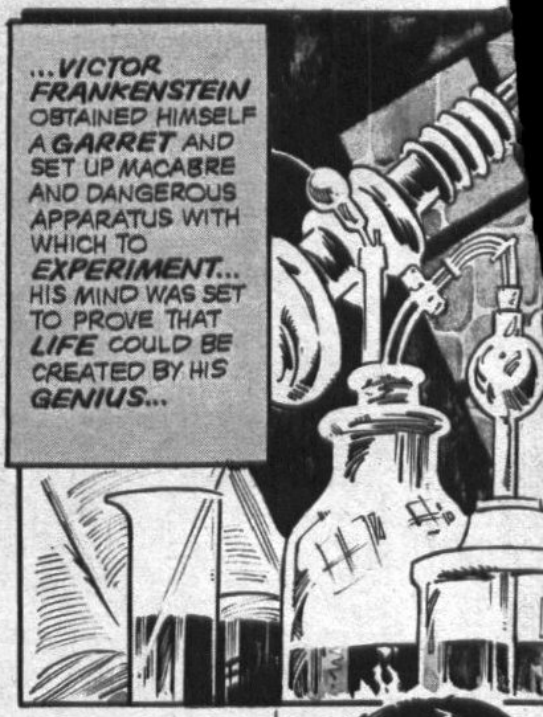
...AND THIS IS HIS LAST TALE...

2073 THE DEATH OF THE MONSTER

COME WITH ME BACK TO MY HOUSE... NOW... OR YOU'LL BE DISCOVERED...
...AND WHAT IF I AM... WHAT OF IT?
...THE QUEEN WILL GRAB YOU FOR HERSELF!
...THE QUEEN? ...IS THIS 2073 ON PLANET EARTH OR ON SOME BACKWARD OTHER-PLANET... ...WHAT IS A QUEEN DOING ON EARTH?..
...HER ORIGIN IS OBSCURE...
...SHE OBSCURED IT...
...BUT ARE YOU FROM ANOTHER TIME THAT YOU EXCLAIM WHEN I TELL YOU WHAT YEAR IT IS?
...YES... ...I AM FROM ANOTHER TIME... ONE LESS SOPHISTICATED THAN THIS BUT ONE EQUALLY AS WEIRD TO ME... I HAVE BEEN BATTERED ABOUT FROM CENTURY TO CENTURY IT WOULD SEEM...
WHY IS THAT?
I DON'T KNOW WHY... I DON'T CARE WHY ANYMORE...
...THIS CITY... I SEE ONLY WOMEN, ARE THERE NO MEN?
...THERE ARE ONLY A SMALL NUMBER OF MEN LEFT... THEY ARE KEPT WELL-FED BUT CAPTIVE IN THE PALACE... TO BE USED BY THOSE FEW WOMEN CHOSEN TO BE FIT AS MOTHERS AND PROPAGATORS OF MANKIND...
WHAT MEN THERE ARE ARE WORTH LITTLE... THEY ARE USED ONLY FOR PROPAGATION...
...YOU SEE... EARTH IS DYING...

EARTH IS DYING?
DYING OUT BECAUSE OF DISEASES CARRIED IN FROM SPACE...
...THE DISEASE SEEMS TO SINGLE OUT MEN AS THEIR VICTIMS... ADULT MALES... AND NEW-BORN MALE INFANTS...
...AND IT HAS BEEN GROWING WORSE THESE LAST 40 ODD YEARS...
...THEY ALL STARE AT ME...
...I AM USED TO BEING STARED UPON BUT NOT BECAUSE I AM THE ONLY MAN...
I FEAR THE QUEEN WILL LEARN OF YOUR PRESENCE HERE QUICKLY... SHE'LL TAKE YOU FROM ME...
...IS THERE ONLY ONE CITY ON EARTH?...
OH LORD NO... THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF CITIES... ...EACH WITH A QUEEN LIKE OURS... ...BUT I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOU... ...WHERE DO YOU COME FROM... YOUR APPEARANCE IS SO STRANGE... I HAVE NOT SEEN MANY MEN BUT I KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT NORMAL...
NORMAL?
...I AM NOT NORMAL... I AM MERELY A WRETCH!
...HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD THE LEGEND OF FRANKENSTEIN?...
FRANKENSTEIN? NO... WHAT KIND OF A NAME IS THAT... GERMAN?
...WHAT KIND OF A NAME?... ...THE NAME OF THE MOST STUPID MAN IN HUMAN HISTORY...

...VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN WAS A YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT IN GERMANY IN THE EARLY 18 HUNDREDS... HE WAS A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS FAR BEYOND HIS TIME... AND LIKE SO MANY MEN MORE BRILLIANT THAN HIS PEERS, AND HIS ELDERS, HE WAS SCORNED AND HIS IDEAS RIDICULED..


...VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN OBTAINED HIMSELF A GARRET AND SET UP MACABRE AND DANGEROUS APPARATUS WITH WHICH TO EXPERIMENT... HIS MIND WAS SET TO PROVE THAT LIFE COULD BE CREATED BY HIS GENIUS...

...THESE HE COMPLICATED INTO AN 8 FOOT SUPER-PROPORTIONATE IMITATION OF MAN... WHICH REMAINED LIFELESS AND STAGNANT LONG MONTHS WHILE HE LABORED OVER THE LUNATIC CONSTRUCTION....

...WHILE FRANKENSTEIN SLEPT I CAME TO LIFE... I OPENED MY EYES AND MOVED NEVER-MOVED JOINTS TO STAND ERECT AND FACE MY MAKER ... BUT HE DID NOT GREET ME WITH THE LOVE OF A FATHER ...INSTEAD HE WAS OVERCOME WITH MORAL RECRIMINATION AND RAN AT THE SIGHT OF ME...

...HE WAS NOT SO BRILLIANT, HOWEVER, THAT HE COULD MAKE LIFE OUT OF THAT WHICH DID NOT ALREADY EXIST... AND SO WAS FORCED TO OBTAIN HUMAN REMAINS FROM VARIOUS MORGUES AND GRAVEYARDS...
...HE BROUGHT IT TO 'LIFE' BY HARNESSING THE ELECTRICAL ENERGIES OF A LIGHTNING STORM... IT BREATHED AIR AND ITS HEART MOVED BLOOD ABOUT ITS VEINS... BUT IT WAS NOT A THING OF THOUGHT... IT WAS JUST A LIVING VEGETABLE...
...FIRST AND FOREMOST MAN IS A STUPID AND IRRATIONAL MONSTER MORE MONSTROUS THAN I EVER COULD BE... ONLY THE INDIVIDUAL AMONGST THEM EXERCISES INTELLIGENCE ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND ME FOR WHAT I AM...
...I WENT OUT INTO SOCIETY AND WAS REJECTED ON SIGHT THO MY MIND WAS AS INNOCENT AS AN INFANT... THEY WERE REVOLTED AT MY APPEARANCE AND CHASED ME FROM THEIR MIDST... MY FIRST CONFRONTATION WITH NATURAL BORN MAN WAS ONE WHICH WAS NEVER CHANGED IN THE YEARS AND CONFRONTATIONS THAT FOLLOWED...
...WHAT I AM IS UNCERTAIN... WHAT I WANT TO BECOME IS EVEN LESS CERTAIN... I AM DISGUSTED AT LIFE... I AM DISGUSTED WITH EVERYTHING THAT IS AND VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING THAT WAS... I FEEL MYSELF AN ONLOOKER TO LIFE AND THO I BREATHE AND SPEAK AND ENDURE IT ALL I CANNOT FEEL A PART OF LIFE... I AM A PARODY...
...NOTHING MORE... AND NOTHING LESS...

...WHAT BECAME OF YOUR CREATOR... VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN?..
...AFTER SEVERAL STUPID CONFRONTATIONS...
...I KILLED HIM...
...WHAT IS YOUR NAME?...
...MY NAME...IS MONSTER...
...THIS IS MY HOME...
BUT IT SEEMS FROM THE RACING OF THOSE FLYING MACHINES WE'LL NOT BE ALONE HERE...
SMALL?...YOU KNOW NOTHING IF YOU THINK THAT... ...COME MAN... WE WILL GO TO THE PALACE WHERE YOU WILL BE TREATED AS A KING...
SO... THE REPORTS WERE TRUE... THERE IS A NEW MAN AMONGST US...
AND BROUGHT TO US BY ONE WHO WILL BE WELL REWARDED FOR HER ACTIONS...
I DO NOT WISH A REWARD MAJESTY... ... ONLY A BOON... ...THAT THIS MAN BE MINE FOR A WHILE...
YOU ARE A FOOLISH CHILD... TO EVEN THINK SUCH A THING POSSIBLE...
...DO I NOT HAVE A VOICE IN WHAT IS TO BE?
...NO...
...BUT MAJESTY...I ASK ONLY A SMALL BOON...

...I SEE NO REASON TO GO WITH YOU... ...LEAVE US BE...
...YOU HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE...
GAS HIM!
...UGH... CAN'T BREATHE... WHAT... ARE THEY DOING?...
...YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO GAS HIM...
...NO RIGHT AT ALL...
...OHH... WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?...
...WHERE DO YOU COME FROM THAT YOU KNOW NOTHING OF GAS GUNS?
...I HAVE ANSWERED ENOUGH QUESTIONS ABOUT MYSELF TODAY... WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
...YOU ARE A MAN ARE YOU NOT?... ...YOU ARE PERHAPS THE UGLIEST MAN I HAVE KNOWN BUT YOU ARE A MAN...

...YOU ARE NEEDED IF THERE IS TO BE A TOMMOROW...
...YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND... YOU KNOW NOTHING OF ME... ...I WILL NOT SERVE YOUR PURPOSES -- THE IRONY OF THIS SITUATION IS SO AMAZING THAT IT'S HYSTERICAL!
NO... IT IS YOU WHO DO NOT UNDERSTAND... ...THERE IS A CRISIS SITUATION... THE DISEASE HAS TAKEN ALL THE MEN FROM AMONGST US... ...THO I KNOW NOT WHY YOU ESCAPED THE DISEASE, YOU SHOULD KNOW A CERTAIN UNDENIABLE FACT MISTER...
...YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN ALIVE ON EARTH...
...ME?... HA HA HA HA HA...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
ARE YOU MAD? ARE YOU A LUNATIC? DON'T YOU REALIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS SITUATION?...
...DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT YOU ARE?...
...YES... ...YES I REALIZE...
...SO YOU SEE... YOU HAVE NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER...
...I HAVE A CHOICE...
YOU CANNOT TURN YOUR BACK ON ALL MANKIND... NO-MATTER WHO YOU ARE...
...NO?...

...THE MAN WHO WAS NAMED MONSTER CLOSED HIS EYES AND VISIONED HIS LIFE... WHAT HE SAW IN HIS MIND'S EYE WAS MANY YEARS OF UGLINESS AND ONLY A FEW MOMENTS OF HUMANITY...HE OPENED HIS EYES AND SAID TO THE QUEEN... "IT IS IRONIC THAT THE LAST MAN ALIVE SHOULD DIE A VIRGIN... IT IS AMUSING THAT THE LAST MAN ALIVE IS NOT A MAN AT ALL BUT ONLY A PARODY OF A MAN... IT IS STRANGE PERHAPS THAT MY VENGEANCE UPON MAN SHOULD BE SO SWEET TO ME, BUT I CANNOT DENY THAT MY LAST ACT ON THIS EARTH, OR RATHER, MY 'FAILURE TO ACT', GIVES ME IMMENSE PLEASURE"... THEN THE MONSTER LAY BACK HIS HEAD AND CLOSED HIS EYES... HE SMILED A LAST TIME AS HE DECIDED TO DIE...

...AND AS HE DIED... EVERYTHING DIED WITH HIM...

...THE MONSTER WAS AVENGED...

...THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER IS DEAD... AND HERE ENDS OUR SERIES OF TALES...

...THERE ARE MANY STORIES OF HIS LIFE THO, THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN TOLD... FRAGMENTS... SITUATIONS... TALES THAT MIGHT BE OF GREAT INTEREST TO THE READER... SHOULD YOU WISH US TO PRESENT AN OCCASIONAL *SPECIAL APPEARANCE* OF THIS CHARACTER WRITE TO US AND **DEMAND** TO SEE

TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN...

...IT'S UP TO *YOU*... YOUR *VOICE* MUST BE *HEARD*...

...THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG...

WELCOME to the 6th issue of SCREAM, wherein you'll choke as you read THE VAMPIRE OF THE OPERA, you'll mutter incoherently as you read FRANKENSTEIN 2074, you'll die as you read the MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE, you'll drown as you swim with NOSFERATU in THE GUTTERS OF BLOOD, and you'll GASP in ASTONISHMENT at the adventures of THE VICTIMS as their magnificent saga begins . . . for the moment, take out a few moments to read these archaic announcements of goings on, contest winners and paranoic previews in the HORROR-MOOD . . .

. . . we are pleased to announce the winners of the HORROR PREVIEW CONTEST #3 . . . 1st prize goes to HOWARD WALLACH of Silver Springs, Maryland, and horror-runners up are HENRY EDISON of New York City, IRVING WATERS of Kamuela, Hawaii, WILLIAM CLIFFORD of Montreal, Quebec and ALBERT GREY of Miami Beach, Florida . . . our corrupt congratulations also go out to these runners-up (who don't win anything except our eternal thanks for coming up with such WEIRD entries that we just HAVE to name - names) — FRANK WALSH of Brooklyn, New York, SCOTT SOUTH of Little Rock Arkansas, BILL JONES JR. of College Park, Georgia . . . winners all . . .

. . . we've received quite a goodly number of BEST STORY coupons too in the last few months, ever since that fateful issue (NIGHTMARE #15) when we began placing it in these letters/editorial pages an' BEGGED y'all on bended knee to send them in . . . we are finding out things from you, namely, we're finding out that there's no such thing as a certain age group, or a certain ethnic or racial group, who read our magazines . . . we're just one big happy HORROR-MOOD family . . . for example - here's a few that represent a typical reaction: "THE END OF ALL VAMPIRES, was my favorite story," writes VIRJES MOULTRIE, aged 16, of Charleston, South Carolina; "I liked it mainly because of the irony in the tale" . . . "THE LUNATIC MUMMY was fantastic - the art was brilliant," wrote LIZZIE CHOW of San Francisco, California . . . while VICTOR SHARP of Lake City, Tennessee wrote: "THE CHRISTOPHER LEE INTERVIEW was the best feature in the issue - it was interesting and informative" — often you also add what you DIDN'T like in the issue, and that's fine too, because we definitely want to know what you DIDN'T like, because if it's a regular feature, a regular artist or writer, then improvements can be made to everyone's satisfaction — so keep those coupons coming in so we know what you want in these HORROR-MOOD pages . . . did you pick up the current issue of NIGHTMARE (#19) and see the weird photo-centerfold in that issue? If you like it we want to know because we'll feature it again in future issues — it's an original HORROR-MOOD idea (well, not to be immodest, but ALL our ideas and characters are ORIGINAL . . . we can't help it if the newsstands are crowded out with swamp creatures and Frankenstein's monsters and Satanic daughters and photo features . . . just remember THE HEAP, FRANKENSTEIN, the HORROR-MOOD SCREAM SCREEN REVIEW and LADY SATAN and the one and two page 'prose' stories BEGAN in these HORROR-MOOD pages) . . . also featured in that titanic ALL-ORIGINAL issue is DRACULA in CASTLE OF THE VAMPIRE DEAD, Poe's masterpiece WILLIAM WILSON, the shoggoth saga: THE VAULT, by new artist Cardona, and the introduction of a brand new horror series

. . . this is mood-team member LUNATIC LOPEZ . . .

ZESAR LOPEZ, the fine illustrator for our FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER SAGA which appears in this issue, is a native of Madrid, Spain, where he was born during the great plague of '33. Graduating in France from University and a Fine Arts School, LUNATIC LOPEZ became publicity manager for a company in Spain — where he came into contact with many professional illustrators who inspired him to become a full-time artist. Thirty-two years later he sold his first drawing, — a small picture of a chicken, which was printed on egg cartons and received wide distribution. This was noticed one morning by famous Italian movie director (and comics fan) FEDERICO FELLINI, while eating breakfast, who contacted LUNATIC LOPEZ immediately, requesting knowledge as to the whereabouts of the chicken Lopez had used as a model, as he wished to use the foul as the star of his current movie: LA DOLCE CHICKEN.

Seriously though — since 1956 ZESAR LOPEZ has been internationally recognized as an excellent artist, and his work has been published in many countries. His hobbies are literature, films, wood carving, and of course, comics - "in the world of comic art I consider as my masters ALEX RAYMOND and HAL FOSTER — though I admire all comic artists, for each and every one has something worth our attention and concern" — ZESAR LOPEZ is certainly worth everyone's attention, and he'll be featured in future HORROR-MOOD issues with many of his weird works.

☐ yes — I should like to see the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER featured as a regular character every issue!

☐ no!

comment .....

.....

name .....

address .....

city and state .....

OUR BLOODSHOT EYES ARE ON YOU!

my favorite story this issue is :

.....

comment : .....

.....

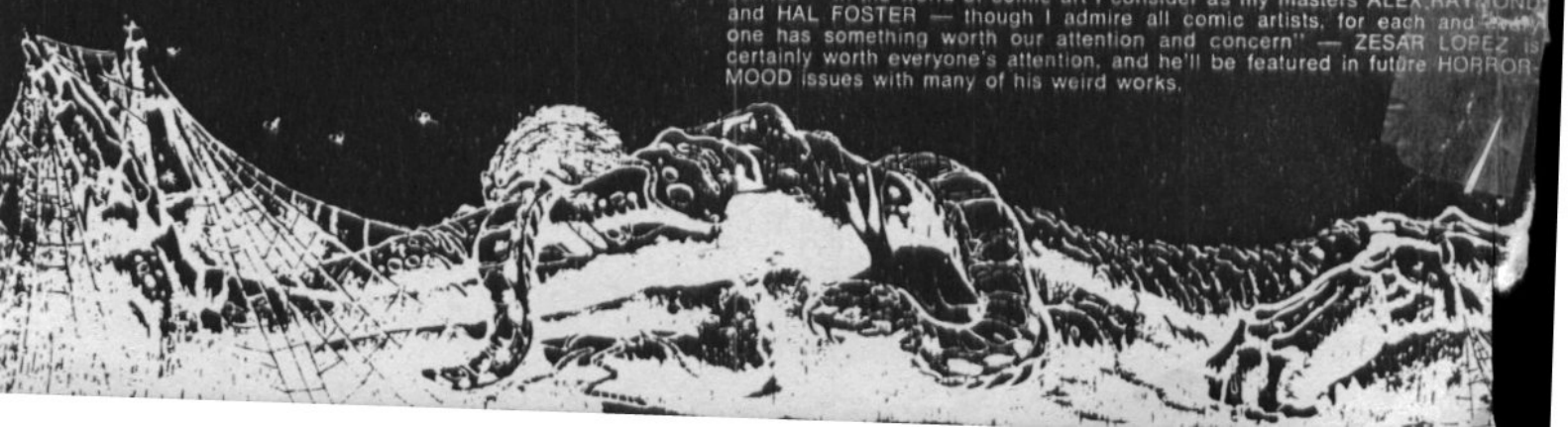
name : ..... age : .....

address : .....

city n' other : .....

mail to : SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017

. . . our bloodshot eyes are on your coupons, telling us what you like and dislike about each issue — the best way for us to continually entertain you is for you to TELL us . . . mail this coupon today for a better HORROR-MOOD future . . .



TALES OF TERROR

BY THE MAN WHO INVENTED THE MODERN HORROR STORY IN THE

HORROR-MOOD STYLE

. . . the great imagination of ENTOMBED EDGAR ALLAN POE is presented in every issue (just-about) of our HORROR - MOOD mags . . . like MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE wherein a ship is crewed by an ancient 500 year old crew of madmen . . . LIGEIA — a gal dead but not yet buried . . . THE TELL-TALE HEART, wherein a man is driven mad by the sound of his own heart . . . THE BLACK CAT, wherein the reincarnation of a murdered cat brings a murderer to justice . . . WILLIAM WILSON, wherein a man kills his fantasy brother and thereby commits suicide, or BERENICE, wherein — oh no — the tale of BERENICE is too ghastly to even anticipate — for it's one of the ghastliest tales of horror ever concocted . . . the complete POE series appears ONLY in the HORROR-MOOD pages — miss 'em not . . .

TALES OUT OF HELL, by artist Jesus Duran, and of course the autobiography of the weirdest of all vampires, JUDAS DIABOLIS, in MY TOMB OF MY CASTLE . . . on sale NOW wherever the HORROR-MOOD is sold . . .

. . . just before we close this letters page, I'd like for a moment to relate a TRUE tale told the other day to me by a fellow (and I KNOW he was telling the truth) who was recently BITTEN BY A VAMPIRE BAT . . . he's a journalist, by the name of ANDY TURNBULL, who was in some Central American country sitting in front of a campfire with several other people, around midnight when he felt a sting on his neck and he brushed away what he thought was some sort of insect . . . "what the hell was that?" he asked some-one . . . "it was a vampire bat . . . forget it . . . everybody around here gets bitten by vampire bats all the time . . . it won't do you any harm!" The TRUTH of the matter is that the vampire bats of the area attack periodically, remove a small amount of blood from the neck, and do no more harm than a wasp or a bee. There is a stinging sensation for awhile and that is about the extent of the damage! -Well, we thank Andy for that most interesting true tale — but it just goes to prove what we HORROR-MOOD MANIACS have always known — truth may be stranger than fiction, but fiction is a helluva lot more FUN!

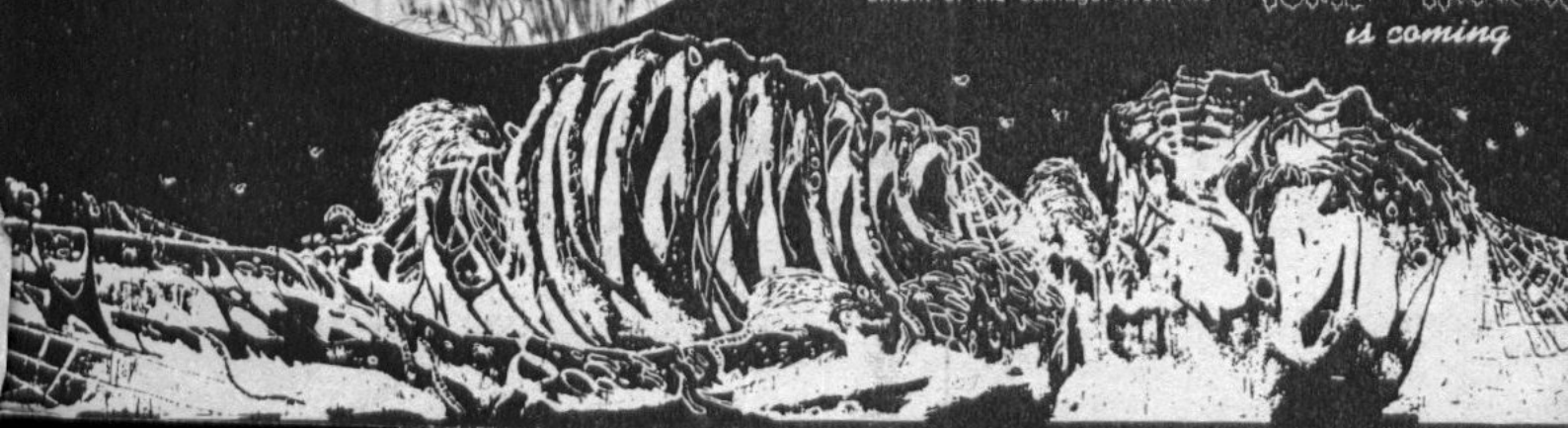
. . . we look forward to your correspondence, folk - if you have something to say then WRITE, if you have nothing to say, then just READ, we love you either way . . .

weird rap folk

ARCHAIC AL

TOMB OF HORROR

is coming



...THIS AWFUL, WRETCHED CASTLE IS THE POSSESSION OF NOSFERATU... HE WHO STANDS TALLEST AND PROUDEST OF THOSE FIENDS GATHERED ON THE TURRET...
...THEY WERE CALLED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD TO TELL THEIR LIFE-TALES FOR NOSFERATU'S AMUSEMENT...
...TALES OF AWKWARD, MACABRE EVIL...
IN THIS... CHAPTER FIVE... OF...
NOSFERATU
...WHO WISHES TO SPEAK NEXT?...
NO VOLUNTEERS?... WE HAVE ALREADY HEARD FROM FOUR AMONG YOU... SINNER CANE... DRACULA-VLAD... FERNANDO DOMA'... AND THE AMERICAN CHARLES FREEMAN...
...WHO WILL BE NEXT?... WHO?
YOU -- JACQUES DUPOIN... THE RAT...
...NO MONSIEUR... NOT I...
YES M. DUPOIN...
YOU!

...BEFORE YOU BEGIN M. DUPOIN...IF YOU WERE TO TITLE YOUR LIFE-STORY, HOW WOULD YOU?...

...TITLE IT?... I DON'T KNOW!

...COME COME, YOU'RE NOT IN THE CIVIL SERVICE ANY MORE... USE YOUR INTELLIGENCE!

...WERY WELL NOSFERATU... IF IT WILL AMUSE YOU I WILL TITLE THE TALE YOU MAKE ME TELL, THUS:

...AND THE GUTTERS RAN WITH BLOOD...

...MY BLOOD...

"...UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO I WAS RESPECTED; A MEMBER OF THE FINEST POLICE FORCE IN THE WORLD... THE PARIS POLICE... I WAS A DETECTIVE AND... I WAS... A GOOD DETECTIVE..."

...SINCE I MUST -- LET ME TELL MY TALE NOW AND GET IT OVER AND DONE WITH...

"...ONCE - ONLY ONCE - I MADE A MISTAKE... I FAILED TO ARREST A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I KNEW WAS GUILTY OF CHEQUE FRAUD..."

"...INSTEAD OF THROWING HER IN JAIL WHERE SHE BELONGED I FELL MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER...

"...SO SMITTEN WAS I BY THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S LAVISH AFFECTION FOR ME, I PERMITTED CERTAIN INFORMATION TO FALL INTO HER HANDS - WHICH SHE IN TURN PASSED TO HER CRIMINAL ACCOMPLICES... WHO USED THE INFORMATION TO BLACKMAIL A WELL-KNOWN POLITICAL FIGURE..."
"...I WAS FOUND OUT BY MY SUPERIORS -- AND WAS DRUMMED-OUT OF THE FORCE IN DISGRACE..."
"...I TURNED TO HER FOR EFFECTION AND COMFORT AND SHE DROPPED ME LIKE THE DROP OF A HAT -- I WAS NO FURTHER USE TO HER OR HER EVIL COMPANIONS... I HAD BEEN USED AND DUPED..."
"...NO-ONE WOULD GIVE ME THE TIME OF DAY... I WAS ALMOST A CRIMINAL AND CERTAINLY A FOOL... THEY TOOK TO CALLING ME RAT-FACE... PARTLY BECAUSE OF MY AMUSING FACIAL STRUCTURE AND BECAUSE OF MY COWARDLY, STUPID ACTIONS..."
I COULD NOT FIND A JOB... WAS WITHOUT FRIENDS... AND BECAME ALMOST DESTITUTE

"...WITHOUT RECOURSE, I ACCEPTED A MENIAL POSITION AS A SEWER WORKER IN THE FAMED PARIS UNDERGROUND TUNNELS... YOU MUST HAVE HEARD OF THEM...
...YOU MUST'VE HEARD HOW FILTHY THEY ARE...
...YOU MUST'VE LEARNED HOW THE SEWERS ARE TEEMING WITH RATS AND OTHER FOUL RODENTS...
...CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW I FELT? REDUCED TO THIS SQUALOR?..."
...OH LORD...I AM A MAN NOT A BEAST... WHY SHOULD I WORK LIKE THIS?...
...OH LORD-LORD... YESTERDAY I WAS THE FINEST POLICE OFFICER IN ALL PARIS...
TODAY I AM A SEWER RAT!!
...WELL DAMN THIS DEMEANING CIRCUMSTANCE...
...DAMN THIS WRETCHED LIFE...
...DAMN ALL OF SOCIETY AND WHAT THEY THINK OF ME...
DAMN THEM...
...IF I CANNOT BE A GREAT CRIMINAL FIGHTER...
...THEN I SHALL BE A GREAT CRIMINAL!!...
...THE GREATEST CRIMINAL IN THE HISTORY OF ALL FRANCE!!

...FOR YEARS I HAVE STUDIED THE CRIMINAL MIND... METHODS OF CRIMINAL OPERATION... I KNOW THEM ALL SO VERY WELL...

...THE CRIME I COMMIT MUST BE COMMITED ONLY ONCE...

...IT MUST NET ENORMOUS FINANCIAL RETURN... ...IT MUST BE DARING AND WORTHY OF MY INTELLECT...

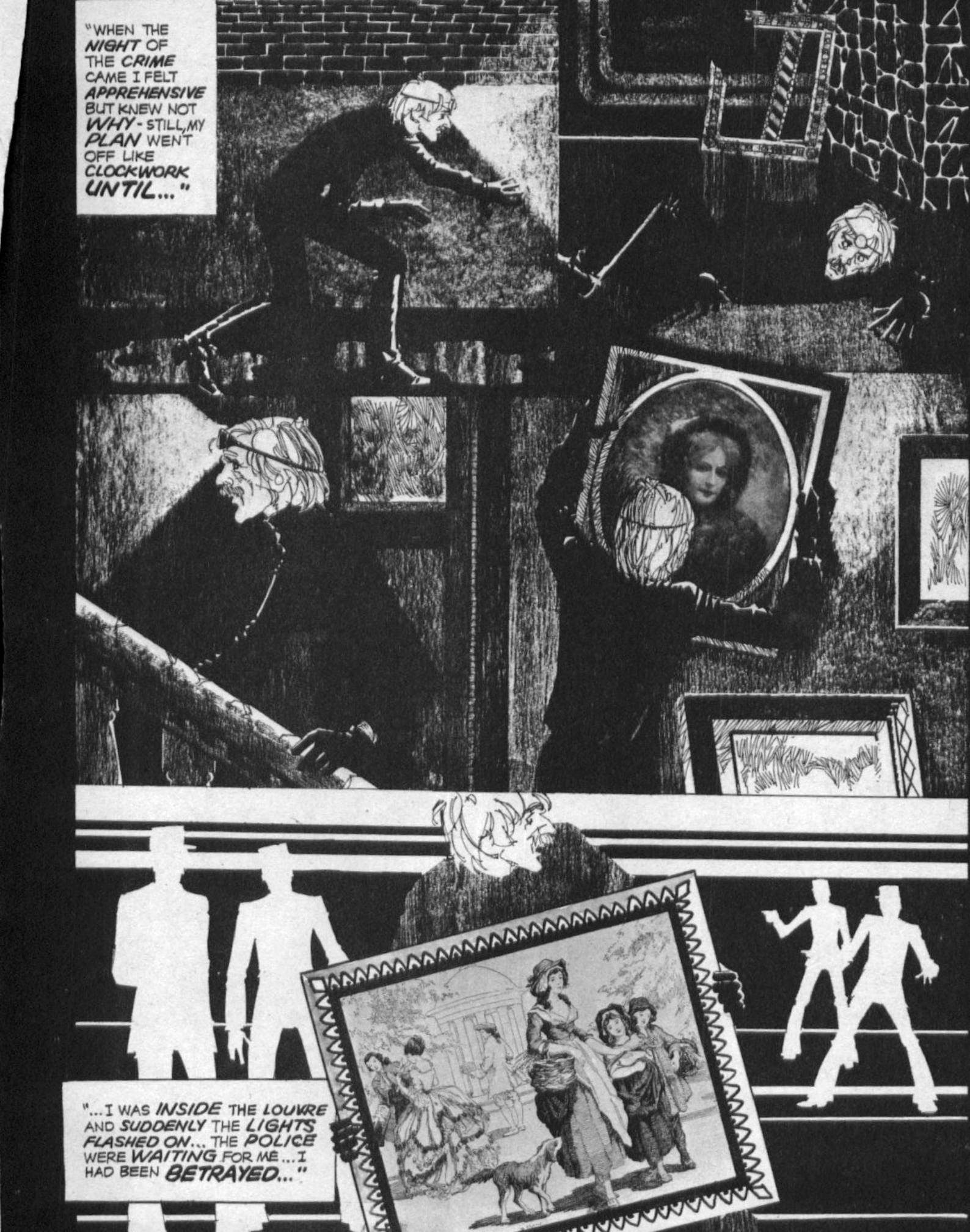
...WHAT THEN, IS THE MOST TREASURED THING IN ALL PARIS...? ...WHY OF COURSE... THE LOUVRE! ...I SHALL THIEVE THE GREATEST ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD FROM THE MOST FAMOUS ART MUSEUM IN THE WORLD...

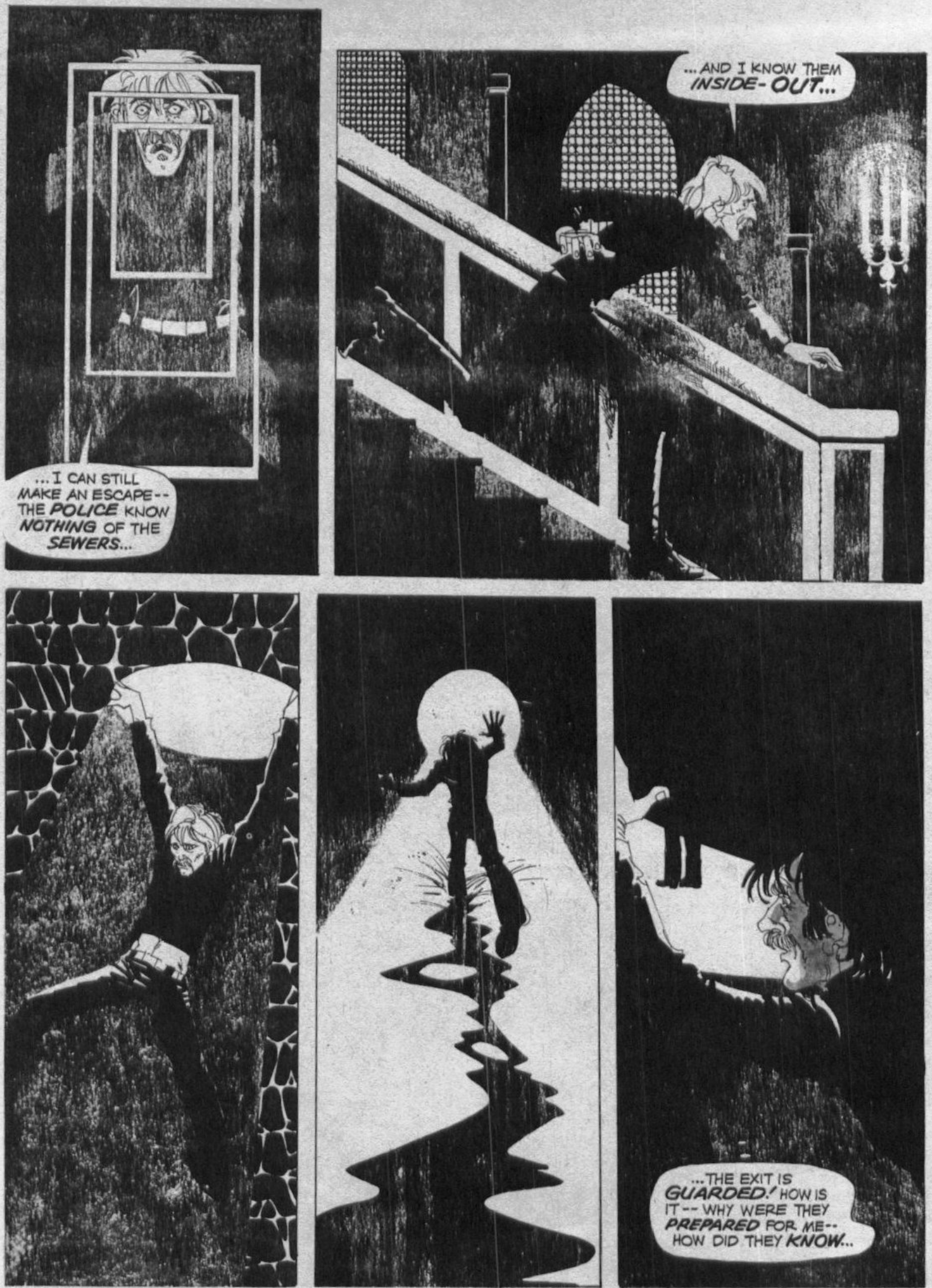
"...I PLANNED THE CRIME WELL... CALLED UPON UNDERWORLD CRIMINALS AND SET UP SOURCES TO FENCE THE PAINTINGS...

...STAKED OUT THE MUSEUM FOR A MONTH TO UNDERSTAND THE TIMES AND ACTIONS OF ALL GUARDS...

AND RESEARCHED THE UNDERGROUND SEWERS AND TUNNELS WHICH WOULD EFFECT MY ENTRANCE TO THE LOUVRE AND A SAFE EXIT..."

"...WHAT I DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT I WAS IN TURN BEING OBSERVED BY THE UNDERWORLD WHO WHISPERED ABOUT MY ACTIVITIES AND PUT 2 AND 2 TOGETHER TO FIGURE OUT MY PLANS..."


"WHEN THE NIGHT OF THE CRIME CAME I FELT APPREHENSIVE BUT KNEW NOT WHY - STILL, MY PLAN WENT OFF LIKE CLOCKWORK UNTIL..."
"...I WAS INSIDE THE LOUVRE AND SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS FLASHED ON... THE POLICE WERE WAITING FOR ME... I HAD BEEN BETRAYED..."


...I CAN STILL MAKE AN ESCAPE-- THE POLICE KNOW NOTHING OF THE SEWERS...
...AND I KNOW THEM INSIDE-OUT...
...THE EXIT IS GUARDED! HOW IS IT -- WHY WERE THEY PREPARED FOR ME-- HOW DID THEY KNOW...

...THERE ARE A MILLION MANHOLES IN PARIS... THEY CAN'T GUARD ALL OF THEM...

...MY GOD... IS IT POSSIBLE?...

3000 FRANKS... THANK YOU COMMISSIONER...
...YOU ARE WELCOME TO IT... YOUR INFORMATION ABOUT THE PLANS OF THE RAT-DUPOIN PREVENTED THE GREATEST ROBBERY IN THE HISTORY OF FRANCE...
...HER... LORD... IT WAS HER...

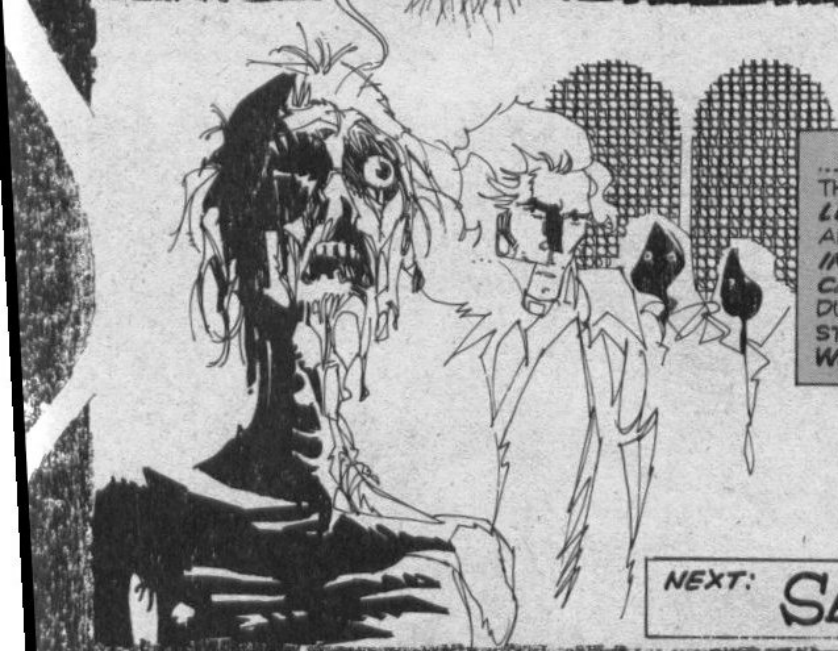
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
THERE HE IS -- FIRE...

"...I FELL BACK INTO THE SEWER... EMOTIONALLY DEPRESSED AND DEFEATED... IT WAS THEN THE RATS CAME... IT WAS THEN THEY CAME AND SURROUNDED ME..."

"...I TRIED TO **STAND** - TRIED TO **RUN**... BUT THEY **SURROUNDED** ME... **OVERWHELMING ME**... **MILLIONS OF THEM** OH LORD **MILLIONS OF THEM**..."

"...**THEY ATE ME ALIVE**..."

...AND **NOSFERATU GRINNED** AN **EVIL GRIN** AT THE **SIGHT** OF THE **MAN** WITH THE **SHREDDED HALF-EATEN BODY**... IT WAS A **HORRIBLE SIGHT** - AND THE **OTHERS TURNED AWAY**... BUT **NOT NOSFERATU**... TO **HIM** THIS WAS A **DELIGHT** AND A **JOY** TO **BEHOLD**..



...NOT LONG AFTER THAT... THE GROUP **LEFT** THE **TURRET** AND WENT BACK **INSIDE** THE **CASTLE**... BUT M. DUPOIN -- THE RAT -- STAYED BEHIND AND **WEPT**...

NEXT: SATAN'S THIRD REICH

THIS IS THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS... WHICH BEGINS ALMOST NOW IN CITY-MANHATTAN AT THIS MACABRE PLACE THAT IS SCOLLARD MANSE... FASHIONABLE 'FINISHING SCHOOL' FOR GIRLS...
SUSO 73
...THESE ARE THE GIRLS...
... MISS JOSEY FORSTER...
... MISS ANNE ADAMS...
... THESE ARE THE GIRLS SENT TO THIS PLACE BY THEIR POLITICAL PARENTS WHO LIVE AND WORK IN THIS TOWN AT THE UNITED NATIONS... MISS FORSTER FROM RHODESIA... MISS ADAMS IS OF WASHINGTON, THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA; AND HERE IN THIS CITY JUNGLE THEY HAVE BECOME CLOSE FRIENDS... ...THESE 2... ARE WHAT THIS TALE IS ALL ABOUT...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY SUSO

PROLOGUE:

WHAT IS HORROR

...ANNE ADAMS AND JOSEY FORSTER WERE ENROLLED IN THIS ACADEMY FOUR MONTHS BEFORE THIS NIGHT BY THEIR PARENTS WHO WERE CONCERNED THAT THEIR DAUGHTERS RECEIVE A FINISHED EDUCATION...YET SINCE THEIR ***ARRIVAL*** HERE THEY HAVE FELT ***EYES WATCHING...***

...THIS ABSTRACT AND OBSCURE EMOTION BOUND THE NEW ROOMMATES INTO A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP... THEY DOUBLE-DATED ON SATURDAY FREEDOM NIGHTS...THEY AIDED EACH OTHER IN THEIR STUDIES... AND THEY FOUGHT FOR MATURITY TOGETHER...
...THO THEY FELT THE ***EYES WATCHING...***

...THE STORY BEGINS ON A SATURDAY NIGHT...AT THE DORM DOOR THEY TENDERLY KISS THEIR DATES GOODNIGHT...AND HEAD UPWARDS AND INWARDS TO THEIR ROOM...

...DURING THE ***DAY*** THE WINDING AWFUL CORRIDORS OF OLD SCOLLARD MANSE ARE NARROW AND ***ANTIQUE...***

...AT ***NIGHT*** THEY ARE ***ENDLESS*** AND ***FRIGHTENING...*** AND ON THIS NIGHT THE GIRLS BECOME ***AFRAID*** AS THEY WALK TO THEIR ROOM...FOR ON THIS NIGHT THEY FEEL THE ***EYES CLOSER*** AND AT EVERY TURN AND CORNER IN THE DARK STAIRS...

...IT WAS ONCE ONLY A ***FEELING*** ABOUT THESE EYES... AN OBSCURE FEELING THAT WAS AT ONCE FEARSOME AND SILLY TO THEIR GROWING INTELLECT... BUT NOW THE EYES ARE MUCH MORE THAN ONLY A ***SENSE***... THEY ARE ***REAL*** AND ***EVIL***...

...AND THEY ARE TERRIFIED OF THE EYES THAT LEAP OUT INTO THE HALLWAY IN FRONT OF THEM...

...AND AS, SOMEHOW, THE EYES PULL THEM, MUFFLE THEIR SCREAMS, DRAG THEM BACK DOWN THE ENDLESS STAIRS... PASSED THE ENTRANCE... PASSED THE BASEMENT...

...DOWN AND ***UNDER*** THAT ***MANSE*** INTO SOME KIND OF GROTESQUE AND ARCHAIC ***PIT*** LIGHTED ONLY BY SEVERAL TINY TORCHES ON CAVERN-LIKE WALLS WHICH REVEAL THE ***EYES*** HAVE ***LIMBS*** AND ARE ALMOST ***HUMAN*** IN THEIR NOW-PHYSICAL INTRUSION INTO THE GIRLS' LIVES...

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS

...AS HUMAN AS *INANE LUNACY* WILL *PERMIT*...
...SO STARTS THE MIGHTY 6 CHAPTER SAGA OF THE VICTIMS... SO STARTS THE WEIRD TALE OF 2 GIRLS *DOOMED* TO *DIE* IN THE *BRUTAL END*... SO STARTS THE MIGHTY *SKYWALD* SAGA THAT IS AN ILLUSTRATED-STORY *CLASSIC*...

SO STARTS:

CHAPTER ONE

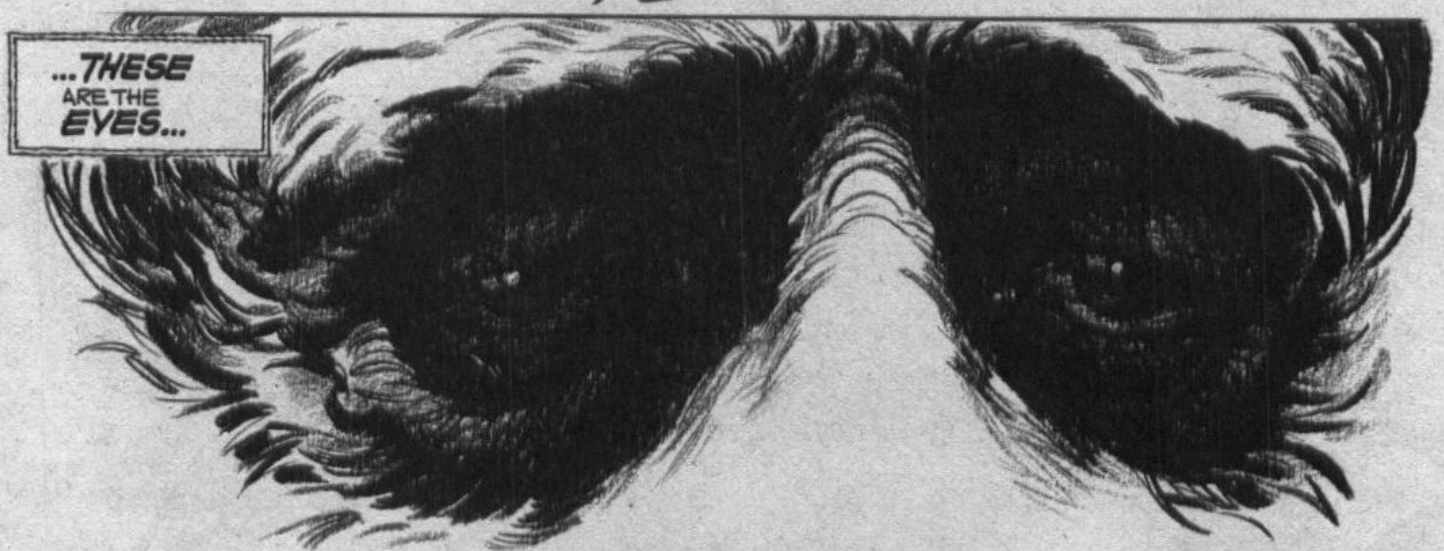
NO, WHO IS HORROR?

WHAT IS THIS PLACE... HELL?
...IS THIS A DREAM? AM I ASLEEP?
...OH GOD... GOD... GOD...
THEY DON'T SPEAK...
THEY DON'T SPEAK... ...SOME KIND OF... MUTANTS... ...THEY DON'T SPEAK... THEY DON'T SEEM TO SEE EITHER... ...THEY...DON'T EVEN SEEM TO BREATHE...
GOOD LORD!
ANNE...ANNE... ARE WE REALLY AWAKE?... CAN THIS REALLY BE??
OH GOD... UGH... GOD JOSEY... WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
...I THINK WE'RE IN HELL... WE WERE DRAGGED MILES UNDERNEATH THE GROUND... I THINK WE'RE IN HELL! ...IS IT POSSIBLE WE'RE IN HELL?

...THESE ARE THE **VICTIMS**...
...THE OTHERS ARE THE **PERSECUTORS**... THEY WHO ARE THE **MINDLESS MINIONS** OF THIS WOULD-BE HELL... FITTINGLY SITUATED (A FEW MIGHT THINK) UNDERNEATH A **SCHOOL**...

... ALTHOUGH THE RELEVANCE OF THAT SUGGESTION IS OBSCURE, THE **AGONY** OF THE MOMENT IS THE FEARSOME, AWESOME CONCERN OF THE **VICTIMS** AS THEY ARE HIDEOUSLY **DRAGGED** THROUGH THE FILTHY **STREETS** OF THIS **HIDDEN-HELL**...

...AS THEIR **PERSECUTORS** CROWD AROUND THEM AND **LEER** WITH DARK-SOCKETTED HOLES THAT BLATANTLY NEVER WERE CAPABLE OF LEERING OR ANYTHING LIKE IT, BUT THAT SOMEHOW NOW DISGUSTINGLY **ACCOMPLISH** THE **IMPOSSIBLE**... FOR THESE ARE THE **EYES** THAT **LEERED** AT THE **VICTIMS** FOR THE MONTHS **PREVIOUS** WHEN THE GIRLS WERE SOMEHOW **INHIBITED** BY THEIR UNSEEN BUT DEFINITE **PRESENCE**
...THESE ARE THE **EYES**...



...NOW... AS JOSEY AND ANNE ARE GIVEN UNTO THE 18TH CENTURY **STOCKS** THEY FIND THEY'VE LOST THE MENTAL ABILITY TO THINK...OR REASON...OR... **WANT** TO... THEY HAVE ALSO LOST THE PHYSICAL ABILITY TO **FIGHT** AND **STRUGGLE** ALTHOUGH THE **WILL** TO **USE** THOSE HUMAN-DEFENSE-MECHANISMS IS NOW THEIR ONLY **THOUGHT**...

YOU ARE SOME SORT OF HUMAN IN THIS DEGENERATE PIT...
...WHO ARE YOU?... WHAT IS THIS PLACE?...
...AND YOUR NEXT QUESTION IS: "HOW CAN A MAGISTRATE SMILE WHEN SHE HAS NO FACE?..."

I...AM NOT A CHESHIRE CAT LITTLE GIRL AND YOU... YOU ARE NOT ALICE...
...THIS PLACE IS VERY REAL AND NOT OUT OF A 19TH CENTURY STORYBOOK AS YOU MIGHT WISH...
...THIS IS NOT HELL EITHER AS YOU SUGGEST... THO FOR ALL PRACTICAL AND INTENSE PURPOSES YOU MIGHT WELL CONSIDER IT HELL...
...FOR HERE IS WHERE YOU ARE ON TRIAL...
...HERE IS WHERE YOU WILL DIE...

TRIAL... WHAT ARE WE ON TRIAL FOR?...
...SHUTTUP CHILD... DO NOT COMPOUND THE CHARGES AGAINST YOU BY ADDRESSING THIS COURT WHEN YOU ARE NOT REQUIRED TO...
...COURT?... THIS IS A COURT?
YOU ARE CHARGED WITH TRESPASSING...
TRESPASSING?
... AND YOU ARE FOUND GUILTY... ...DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I PRONOUNCE YOUR SENTENCE?...
...WE AREN'T TRESPASSING AT ALL... WE WERE BROUGHT HERE BY THOSE... THOSE THINGS...
...IT DOES NOT MATTER THAT YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE... IT ONLY MATTERS THAT YOU ARE HERE...
...IF YOU HAVE NOTHING FURTHER TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE I WILL NOW PRONOUNCE YOUR SENTENCE...

...I SENTENCE YOU...TO BE TORTURED UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD...
MY GOD... MY GOD... YOU MUST BE INSANE...
...THIS WHOLE THING IS INSANE... JOSEY FOR THE SAKE OF...MY MIND... WHAT IS GOING ON?
...WE'VE FALLEN INTO THE CLUTCHES OF A BAND OF MAD-THINGS...

...THEN THE VICTIMS WERE TAKEN TO A ROOM SOMEWHERE IN A QUIET PLACE IN THE PIT WHERE THERE WAS NOT A SOUND... WHERE THE MUTANTS WERE QUIET, DEAD-LOOKING THINGS WHO SAT SQUATTED LIKE PREHISTORIC CRETINS STIRRING GREAT POTS WHICH WERE PERHAPS THEIR ONLY INSTRUMENTS OF CIVILIZATION...
...INSIDE THE POTS WERE PARTS OF HUMANS... AND AT THE SIGHT OF THE STEWING FLESH THE VICTIMS WERE TAKEN MOMENTARILY OUT-OF-THEIR-OWN-MISERY TO THINK OF THE AGONY OF THOSE WHO HAD PRECEDED THEM...

...THE ROOM WAS A PADDED CELL... THE LIKE OF WHICH ARE SEEN ONLY BY TOTAL LUNATICS UP ON THE EARTH ABOVE THEM... HERE IN THIS POINTLESS PLACE THEY CONSIDERED PRIVATELY THE FUTURE... THEY SAT AND THOUGHT... AND THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER... AND THEY BEGAN TO CRY AS REALIZATIONS CAME TO THEM AND BURNED INTO THEIR MINDS...

...FOR THEY EACH CAME TO REALIZE THEY HAD NO FUTURE...

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SANITY YET JOSEY?...
NO...NO I DON'T BELIEVE I'VE LOST IT YET...
...WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?...
...WE WERE TAUGHT BY MISTRESS JASPERS TO THINK WITH ABSOLUTE LOGIC ABOUT EVERY SITUATION...
...HEADMISTRESS JASPERS IS NOT HERE TO GIVE US HER COUNSEL... IN A SITUATION SUCH AS THIS HER DISPASSIONATE LOGIC REQUIRES A DISPASSIONATE MIND TO REASON WHAT WE'VE SEEN AND... ENDURED...
...OH GOD JOSEY...
I DO NOT HAVE A DISPASSIONATE MIND... I AM WROUGHT WITH WRETCHED EMOTION...
GOD... GOD... GOD...

SSSAAPP
STOP IT... STOP IT...
...YOU'RE HYSTERICAL...
...OH JOSEY... JOSEY...
...I AM AS TERRIFIED AS YOU ARE ANNE...I CAN'T REASON THIS OUT...
...I'M NOT GOING TO TRY TO REASON THIS OUT...
...WE HAVE TO ESCAPE... WE HAVE TO USE WHAT MINDS WE HAVE LEFT TO ESCAPE...
...YES...
...YES...
HOW DO WE ESCAPE?
THIS BUTTON WHEN USED IN A CERTAIN WAY WILL EFFECT OUR ESCAPE...

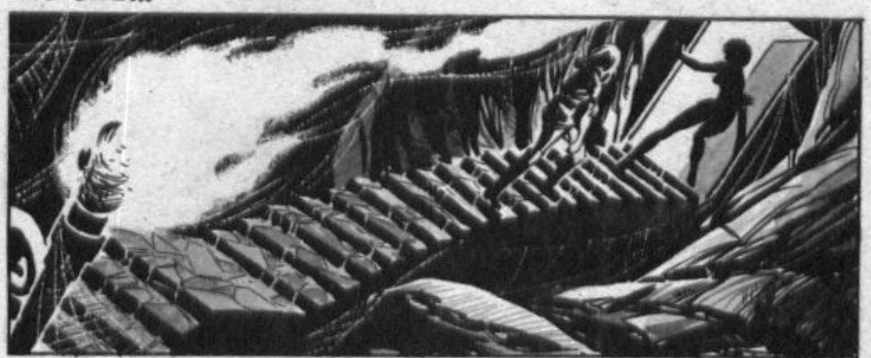
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?..
I SAW SOMEBODY DO THIS IN A MOVIE ONCE... OR SOMETHING LIKE IT...
... A GUY WAS TRAPPED IN A COLLAPSING ROOM... HE HAD ABOUT A MINUTE BEFORE HE WAS TO BE CRUSHED TO DEATH...
... HE TOOK A BUTTON FROM HIS SUIT JACKET WHICH HAD WIRE THREAD... HE TOOK THE LENGTH OF THAT WIRE AND UNSCREWED THE LIGHT BULB AND STUCK IN THE UNGROUNDED WIRE AND SHORT-CIRCUITED THE WHOLE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM...
...THAT THREAD ISN'T MADE OUT OF WIRE THO!
...THAT'S ALRIGHT... I'M NOT GOING TO USE IT FOR THE SAME PURPOSE...
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
SOMEONE TO COME INTO THE ROOM...
...SOMEONE WILL COME EVENTUALLY!

...THE DOOR...

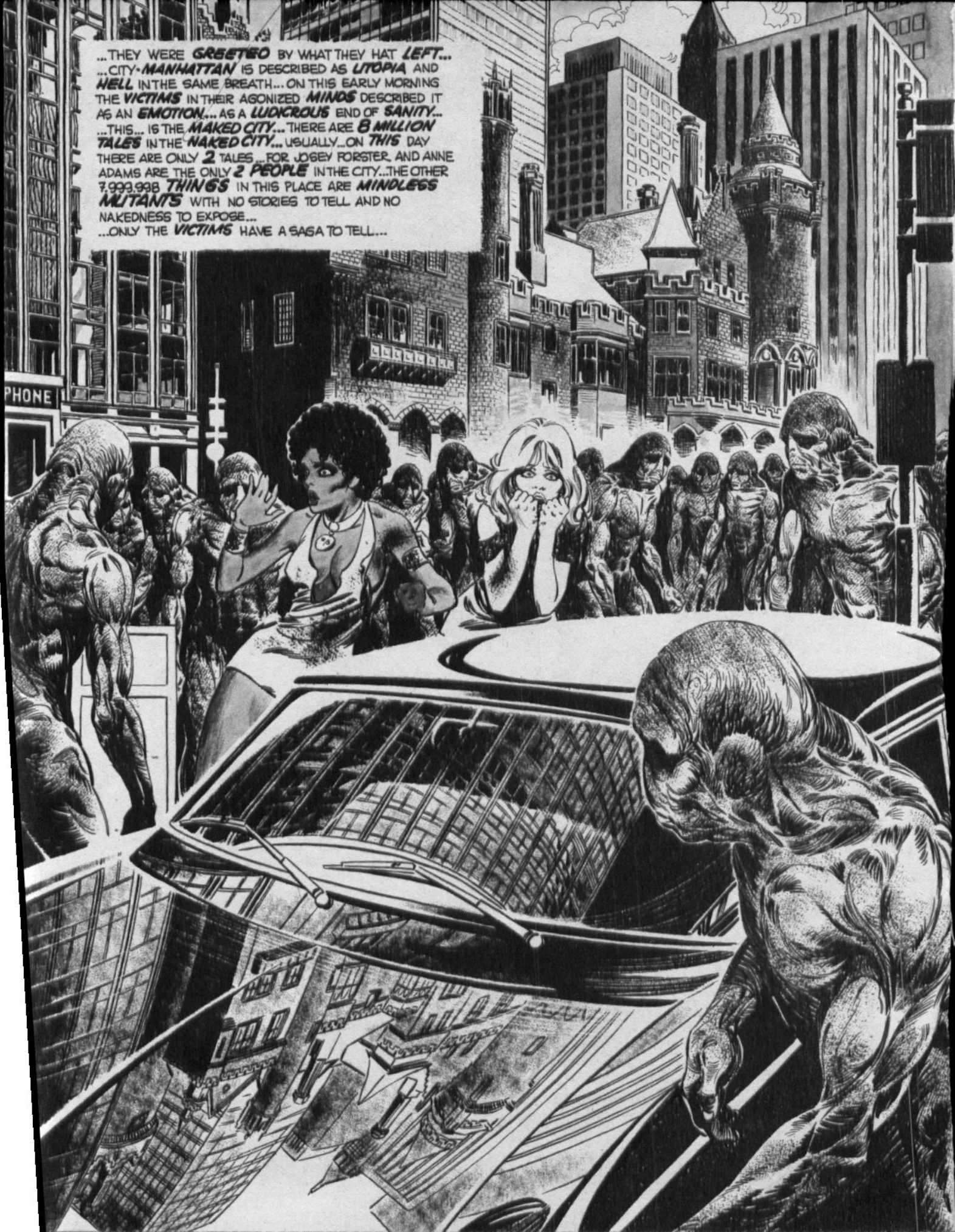
...!
...THAT VOICE...
...THE VOICE OF THE JUDGE... DOESN'T IT... SOUND FAMILIAR SOMEHOW?...
...IN 2 HOURS WE WILL BEGIN... FOR NOW I HAVE CERTAIN OTHER DUTIES TO ATTEND TO UPSTAIRS IN THE SCHOOL...
...MUNDANE THINGS TO DO TO KEEP UP THE PRETENSE FOR THE TIME BEING...
JOSEY... IT'S THE HEADMISTRESS!
BUT... WHY?
...JOSEY... IT DOESN'T MATTER WHY... NOW THAT WE HAVE SOME SHRED OF EVIDENCE TO SUGGEST LOGIC... WE CAN FIGHT BACK...
...C'MON...

YOU!
IT IS YOU!
WHY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
...I DO NOT ANSWER TO YOU!
...AHHH MY ARM...
...PUT THAT DOWN...

...THE **VICTIMS** RAN UP THE DIM CORRIDOR OF STONE STAIRS AND EXITED THE PIT OF HELL...THEY WERE BRUISED, CUT, BLEEDING, TIRED AND TERRIBLY **FRIGHTENED**... IN THE MAIN HALL THEY SAW **NO-ONE**...

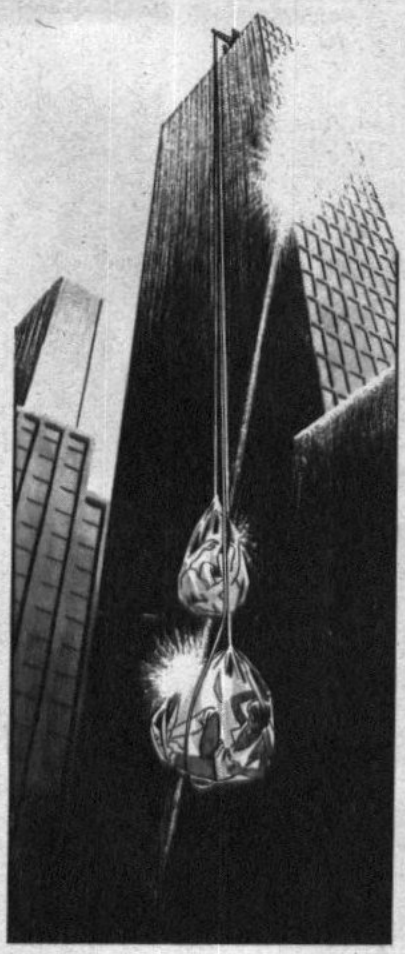


...UNTIL A **MOMENT** HAD PASSED AND IT CAME OUT OF THE **DARKNESS**... THE **EYES** CUT INTO THEIR MEMORY AND THE HORROR WAS **COMPOUNDED**... THEY REMEMBERED THE INHIBITED HORROR OF THE MONTHS PRIOR TO THIS NIGHT... AND THEY REMEMBERED THE HORROR THEY BELIEVED THEY HAD JUST ESCAPED... AND THE MEMORY OF THOSE HORRORS WAS ENOUGH TO **BLIND** THEIR SHORT LIVED MOMENTS OF REASON... THEY **RAN** TO THE **FRONT DOOR** OF THE GREAT HALL TO **EXIT** SCOLLARD MANSE...


...THEY WERE GREETED BY WHAT THEY HAT LEFT...
...CITY-MANHATTAN IS DESCRIBED AS UTOPIA AND HELL IN THE SAME BREATH... ON THIS EARLY MORNING THE VICTIMS IN THEIR AGONIZED MINDS DESCRIBED IT AS AN EMOTION... AS A LUDICROUS END OF SANITY...
...THIS... IS THE NAKED CITY... THERE ARE 8 MILLION TALES IN THE NAKED CITY... USUALLY... ON THIS DAY THERE ARE ONLY 2 TALES... FOR JOSEY FORSTER AND ANNE ADAMS ARE THE ONLY 2 PEOPLE IN THE CITY... THE OTHER 7,999,998 THINGS IN THIS PLACE ARE MINDLESS MUTANTS WITH NO STORIES TO TELL AND NO NAKEDNESS TO EXPOSE...
...ONLY THE VICTIMS HAVE A SAGA TO TELL...
PHONE

...AND BEFORE THEY FIND THEIR **VOICES** LONG ENOUGH TO **SPEAK** THAT TALE THEY ARE ENVELOPED IN **PLASTIC CELLULOSE BAGS** DROPPED UPON THEM FROM THE **SKY**...

...AND **LIFTED** UP TO THE **TOP** OF THE CITY WHERE **SOMETHING** SOMEWHAT **HUMAN** AWAITS THEM...



...SOMETHING THAT AT LEAST PUTS UP A **PRETENSE** OF HUMANITY...

YOU'RE ALL BRUISED AND **BLEEDING**...
...I'M A **DOCTOR**... LET ME **HELP** YOU...
A DOCTOR...
...**DOCTOR**...**DOCTOR I PLEAD WITH YOU**... **PLEASE**... **PLEASE TELL US WHAT IS THIS HORROR?**

WHO?
WHO IS BEHIND ALL THIS MADNESS... WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO US? IS IT REALLY HAPPENING OR IS IT AN HALLUCINATION OF SOME KIND?
OH... THIS IS NO DREAM OR NIGHTMARE I ASSURE YOU...
...NO NO...
...IT IS ALL VERY VERY REAL DEAR GIRLS...
THEN TELL US WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
...NO...

WHY NOT?
IT IS NOT MY PROVINCE TO MAKE EXPLANATIONS... I AM ONLY HERE TO...TO PATCH YOU UP A BIT THEN TAKE YOU TO ONE WHO WILL ANSWER ANY QUESTION YOU MAY CARE TO ASK...
...AND ONE WHO WILL IN TURN HAVE MANY QUESTIONS FOR YOU!...

WHO IS THIS THING? IS IT MAD?
NO, WHO IS HORROR!
YOU TALK IN ABSOLUTE RIDDLES... WE CANNOT PLAY ANY RIDDLES...
SIT IN HERE...
IN A FEW MINUTES, HE WHO IS HORROR WILL COME IN TO SEE YOU...
OH GOD... JOSEY...
OH GOD

...UGH...
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
WHAT ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US? WHY DO YOU PERSIST IN SUCH TORTURE? ARE YOU BEHIND ALL THIS? WHO ARE YOU? OH GOD... WON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?
WON'T YOU SAY ANYTHING?
...I... AM HORROR...
...THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS WILL CONTINUE IN CHAPTER 2 NEXT ISSUE... WHEN CERTAIN EXPLANATIONS WILL BE MADE... WHERE THE 2 GIRL VICTIMS FALL TO THE TORTURES OF ONE WHO IS MUCH MORE THAN THEIR SANITY COULD EVER ENDURE... WHERE THINGS WILL HAPPEN TO MAKE WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR LOOK LIKE A 19TH CENTURY STORYBOOK...
NEXT: I... AM HORROR!